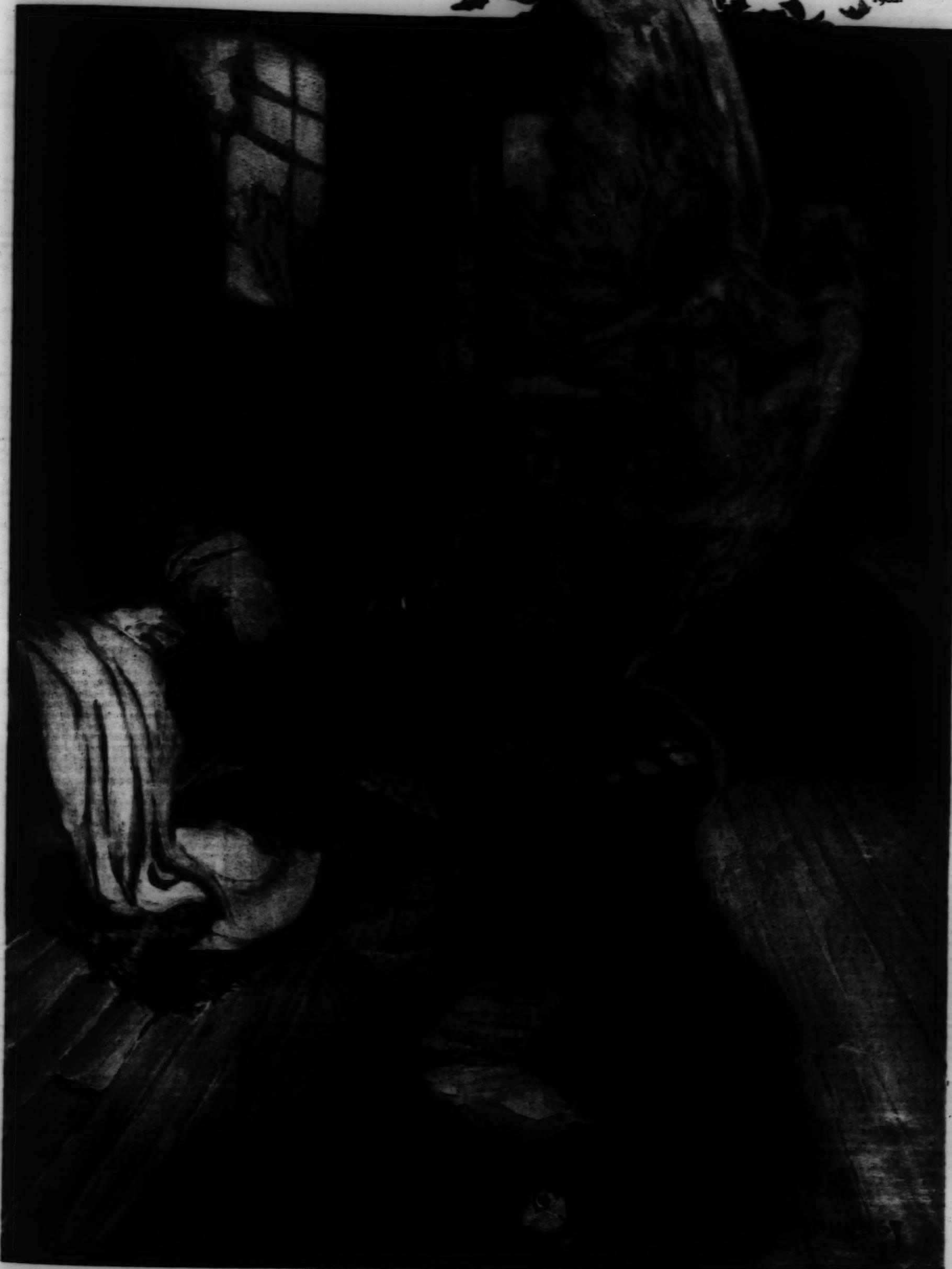


NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20,

1902.



THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

VARLEY OF YALE.

(A Playlet.)

PERSONS:

MR. CECIL BRUCE, a matinee actor.

MR. GARRETT, his landlord.

JAMES, a co-operative valet.

YARLEY, a mysterious visitor.

SCENE: Mr. Bruce's apartment in *Paradise Flat*.

Folks and boring-gloves on the walls. Photographs, pipes and books on mantel. Couch piled with pillows of evident feminine manufacture. Piano open with songs on the music rack. A banjo is also in evidence. A table spread for breakfast is drawn close to the hearth, where logs are burning. Flowers in vase upon it. Newspapers, telegrams, letters and cards on a silver tray. Glimpse of bedroom off right. Sounds of splashing water from the bathroom. JAMES enters with more letters, and places them on table, reading the addresses and nodding knowingly.

JAMES: Every one of them from winmin! An' they do be sayin' that he's a marrid man! The saints be praised! (Wipes up his eyes and raises his arms deprecatingly.) Ah—but he's the devil among the girls!

Enter CECIL. Yarley. He wears a rose brocade dressing gown covered about the waist. Bed room slippers. Nods a good-morning to JAMES, seats himself by table and begins to go through the letters consecutively. Seems bored. Opens one envelope after the other, glances at contents and sighs.

CECIL: Invitations—mills. Bills—invitations! One about as monotonous as the other! James—my coffee!

JAMES: Yessur. (Holds.)

CECIL picks up the final telegram, opens it and reads it. His manner changes to one of extreme excitement. Whistles, laughs heartily, and claps his hands delightedly as he reads aloud:

"Coming unexpectedly to town on the 2:30 express. Will drive direct to your hotel. Have luncheon ready at 2. TELL."

(Delightfully.) Good! (Rings bell violently.)

James! James! James! I say!

JAMES enters with coffee service on tray and proceeds to serve.)

CECIL: "James, I wish you to fix up these rooms in a hurry—by two o'clock! Can you do it? Do it everything! Fresh linens, covers! Turn up the pillows. Open the windows and let out the smoky air—now? And James?"

JAMES: Yessur.

CECIL: Go straight to the florist's and get all the flowers he has in the place. Put them round in the room and boudoir. And there's luncheon to be ordered, too.

JAMES: Will you lunch at home, sur?

CECIL: (Laughing): Will I lunch at home? Will I—Oh, James—James! What do you think I am preparing for? A funeral? I am to have a guest—James—a guest!

JAMES: A guest is it, sur?

CECIL: A lady—James—a lady! (Laughing) puts JAMES in the sofa.) A lady!

JAMES (still—rolling up his eyes aside.) A lady, sur?

CECIL: A lady—and I'll order luncheon sent round from the club, and James—

JAMES: Yessur?

CECIL: (Pulling up his collar.) How do I look, James?

JAMES: Very well, sur.

CECIL: (whistling at JAMES): Think I'll do, eh?

JAMES (confusedly): Oh, yes sur; yessur. But—

CECIL: Now, run along, James—run along.

JAMES: Big pardon, sir; but—

CECIL: Run along now. (Looks at his watch.) We haven't a minute to spare! Get the flowers—now, James.

CECIL drives James out while the man episodes of dialogue. Calls after him:

CECIL: Got a big bunch of violets!

JAMES (in the distance): Yessur.

CECIL: And a white flower for me—a garland.

JAMES (still more foolishly): Yessur.

CECIL: And now for the luncheon! Let me think what this shall be. It's so long since we've dined together! But women always like the same things! Very sweet or very sour! Sandwiches tied with ribbon. Cakes with lace paper frills. Chees with roses on 'em! (Rings the telephone bell.) Hello! Hello! I say there! Good-morning! Oh, very well, thank you! He he! So you liked the play. Oh, thanks, thanks: Just let me have 18-0-2 Madison, please? Eighteen—O—two—yes!

(Walks, humming nervously): Is this the Grillers? I say in this the Grillers? Just ask the head waiter to stop to the 'phone? Mr. Bruce—yes! Is this Philippe? Huh—huh? I want some luncheons in a hurry sent here for two thirty? How many? Why two, of course. Just two! Something very fine—dainty, impressionistic—that will please a lady! What's that? A lady—L-A-D-Y—understand? Ha—ha—ha! Yes—that will do nicely—not too well done! Yes. And a partridge? Yes—Yes? And eaten. Philippe—with how knots—pink bow knots—And some champagne! Cold—very cold! Sweet—very sweet! Special? Well, I should say it is special! Ha—ha—ha! Good-by!

(He goes about arranging things. Takes off his coat and begins to dust in burlesque fashion. Puts away some of the more daring of the photographs. Looks in the glass. Brushes his hair. Poses.)

What keeps that man? He'll never get this place fixed. (Goes to bedroom and begins to toss things about, whistling. Knock at the door. Waiter enters and begins to arrange luncheons on table. Enter JAMES obscured by boxes of flowers. Messenger boy carrying others. Great confusion and excitement. CECIL begins to open boxes and place flowers about. Waiter calls with boy.)

JAMES: Big pardon, sur?

CECIL: Yes—yes? What is it, James?

JAMES: Big pardon, sur; but they allow no ladies in the house!

CECIL: What?

JAMES: It's a strictly bachelor flat, sur. That's why they call it Paradise! They won't even let in a washerwoman unless it's a Chinaman!

CECIL: What an outrage!

JAMES: It is, sur—but it's the rule! Mr. Garrett, sur—the owner—lives on the first floor, and he'll discharge any one, half boy or elevator man, that'll let a woman cross the threshold.

CECIL (takes a bill from pocket. Winks at JAMES): Can't you fix it with them, James?

JAMES: That's been tried too often! They're afraid to lose their job. Mr. Garrett is that strict.

CECIL: Strict! That chap that was in here playing poker the other night. He's strict! Bush!

JAMES: He is, sur! About winmin! In his own house!

CECIL: By Jove! We must think of some plan. Wait a minute! (He walks up and down tapping his forehead. Goes to bedroom and returns with long raglan coat and Alpine hat. He pushes them in grip, first putting a finger ostentatiously in lapel of the coat. Gets a stick from stand and gives it with the bag to JAMES.

CECIL (triumphantly): There!

JAMES (confusedly): Where—our?

CECIL: Take a cab and drive to the Grand Central Station. Meet the train from Boston that gets in at 2:30. Look around for a stunning girl who'll be looking around for me. Brown hair. Little curls over the ears. Dimples. Turn up nose. Here's her photograph! (Shows JAMES a picture from the model.) Explain the situation here. Tell her I stayed here to avoid suspicion. Have her put on the hat and coat in the cab. See? Give her this stick. Drive here, and

CECIL: Jolly fellow, Yarley—Yarley, of Yale, we call him!

GARRETT: Ah—yes! Going to have candy, I see.

CECIL: Oh, Yarley is crazy about candy! Lives on chocolates and all that! Thought I'd surprise him!

(Knock at the door—three times—slow and very distinct. JAMES puts his head in cautious eye, and says: Hiss!

CECIL (affectionately): Come in, James. Is Mr. Yarley with you?

(JAMES enters, followed by a young woman wearing a long coat and Alpine hat. She carries a case portfolio. The dispute, although it is a good one, is silent, and GARRETT continues to conceal his smile. CECIL steps the newcomer on the back, while JAMES stands the picture of guilty dismay.)

CECIL (with forced gaiety): Hello, Yarley, old chap—how are you? Glad to see you. This is my friend Garrett. Garrett, this is my chum—Yarley—Yarley, of Yale!

GARRETT (smiling himself): Oh, if you insist, Bruce, of course.

(CECIL drops despairingly in chair. YARLEY drops opposite simultaneously. They open meat. JAMES begins to open the champagne. GARRETT begins to serve. GARRETT evidently enjoys the situation.)

GARRETT (raising his glass, meaningly, looking at YARLEY): Here's to our sweethearts!

CECIL (reverently—looking at the ceiling): And our wives!

YARLEY (whiskily raising her glass and looking at them both): May they never meet!

(They begin to eat luncheon. JAMES serving in burlesque flight. CECIL pushes YARLEY's hand under the table. YARLEY endeavors to conceal his smile. They get in a hopeless tangle. All laugh hysterically.)

GARRETT: This is the sort of thing—what? Good old bachelors three! That reminds me of a ripping good story! There was a girl with those open work stockings.

(JAMES drops a dish with a crash.)

CECIL: Oh, say—

GARRETT: Listen. There was a girl who wore those—

YARLEY: Oh, break it off! Break it off!

CECIL (laughing): Yes; that's an old one. Garry! Uh?

YARLEY (laughing, stops, pointing at GARRETT. CECIL joins in the refrain.)

"In the days of old Bismarck, Are you on?

Are you on? Are you on? Are you on?"

GARRETT: Well, you tell us a good story, Mr. Yarley.

(YARLEY rises with one foot on the chair and holds an arm in play after dinner story-telling pose.)

YARLEY: When I was in Cuba.

GARRETT: Uh—yes.

YARLEY: I met a girl there! I tell you she was a hussy, and no mistake! A high stepper! I took her out to dinner one night. You know you can't take a girl out to dinner in Cuba as you do here?

GARRETT: Can't, eh?

YARLEY: No; it's deemed improper!

CECIL: Never was in Cuba myself. Were you, Garrett?

GARRETT: Go on with the story.

YARLEY: Well, we had dinner, and this girl—this girl—(begins to laugh helplessly).

GARRETT: You—go—go on.

YARLEY (laughing immoderately): She—the—she better on the story! (She shrieks with laughter, to which CECIL joins.)

CECIL: Butter on the cereal! Ha—ha—ha—ha!

YARLEY: Well, go on!

YARLEY (indignantly): Go on! That's all!

GARRETT: Oh, I say—you're pulling our leg!

(CECIL picks up the banjo and begins to strum upon it. YARLEY bows as accompaniment. Both seem to realize that GARRETT sees through their plot, and the girl commences to coquet with him under the rim of her hat. CECIL gets uneasy. GARRETT is evidently impressed with the girl's brightness and daring. Aside to CECIL, as she begins the whistler:

YARLEY: Will he never go?

CECIL: Huh! He owns the house.

GARRETT: What's that?

YARLEY: So you live here too, Garrett? Charming place isn't it? There's no place like home, eh—old chap?

CECIL (with sudden inspiration): I say, Yarley, wouldn't you like to take an auto spin through the Park. Yes?

YARLEY (whistling of Bruce): Good idea. Hurry and get one!

(CECIL puts on a hat, and exits. JAMES takes clearing the table, and exits also. YARLEY sits at the piano and begins to play softly. The atmosphere has suddenly grown serious. GARRETT leans on the piano, and looks fixedly at the girl, picking up a photograph written over. He holds it up so YARLEY can see it.)

GARRETT: Pretty woman, isn't it? Another of Bruce's victims, I suppose? I tell you these handsome actors are bad dogs. Here is Cecil with all the pretty girls in town running after him, while I—

YARLEY: You're running after them, I suppose?

GARRETT: Oh, no; I'm not that sort! I am serious in my love affairs. Bruce isn't faithful to any one but himself!

YARLEY (looking up, playing softly and smiling): You seem to forget that Mr. Bruce is married. Perhaps he loves his wife? That would be funny, wouldn't it?

GARRETT (laughing derisively): His wife! Why, his wife is an actress! I happen to know! She's off on the road ten months of the year. You know what these theatrical people are! He don't think of her when she's out of sight!

YARLEY (still playing softly): How do you know?

GARRETT: How? Why, by the fact that in her absence he gives little luncheons on the quiet—to Yarley, of Yale!

(With a laugh he suddenly takes off her hat. Her hair falls about her shoulders. She stands blushing and confused but smiling.)

GARRETT: Did you fancy that I didn't see through your silly disguise? Ha—ha—ha—ha! But I'll forgive you—on condition that you give me—

YARLEY (proffering the flower from her coat): A rose—Mr. Garrett?

GARRETT (putting his arm round her): No—a kiss!

(She pushes him away with a little scowl as CECIL enters, facing GARRETT, who has suddenly turned toward the door. Seeing the danger of a quarrel she jumps on a chair, gathering her skirt about her trim feet.)

YARLEY: A mouse!

GARRETT (smilingly pointing at YARLEY'S very feminine figure on the chair): Your friend seems to scare easily, Bruce. By the way, introduce me.

CECIL (realizing that the joke has gone far enough gives the girl his hand and helps her from the chair): Mr. Garrett, allow me. My wife, Mrs. Cecil Bruce!

(GARRETT stands confused. She again proffers the rose. He takes it, bowing over her hand as though to apologize. JAMES, who has overheard, stands in the background, his eyes and hands up-rouged in surprise.)

Curtain.

KATE MASTERS.

come in with a swagger—hat pulled down over eyes. If they ask anything you answer and say it's my friend Yarley—Yarley—of Yale. Don't get the wrong girl now. Remember the name—Yarley!

YARLEY (hesitating as though not quite agreeing). Yes—sur—yessur. (Holds, admitting waiter with wine to cooler. Waiter exits. There is a knock at the door. Ouch makes a gesture of impatience and stands quietly without answering the continued and impulsive knocking. Door suddenly opens, and GARRETT enters and closes it behind him. Confronts CECIL, looks at table, flowers, etc. Smiles.)

GARRETT: Take the gentleman

# MISDIRECTED THOUGHT WAVES A PROBLEM PSYCHIC F

in this announcement, and Dinah read it over slowly and more than once before she observed two lines, in small capitals, forming a second announcement under the first:

TO-NIGHT, AT 8  
O'CLOCK, WILL BE  
GIVEN A LECTURE ON  
HYPNOTISM BY THE  
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PROFESSOR MONKES.

Had each of the words been one of the fabled snakes forming the coiffure of the Medusa, the effect on

Dinah could not have been more startling or more terrible. Every drop of blood in her body seemed to rush back on her heart, leaving her lividly pale; her breathing stopped and a cold dew like the damp of death came out on her brow and temples and on the palms of her gloved hands. The next instant the blood rushed violently to her head and a broken sob struggled through her parched lips. Her eyelids trembled and unclosed, and her gaze fixed itself on the words that had so affected her. She read them again, then turning away walked forward, but not with the light step of a few minutes before—she tottered as if suddenly grown old and infirm. With the movement of an automaton she joined the people going into the hall, and paying the entrance fee because she saw others do so, she walked down the aisle to a seat. If she had any intention it was to be lost in the crowd—to drop somewhere, unseen, till the capacity for thought returned to her—if it would ever return—if her brain could ever recover from the crushing blow that had fallen upon it. Poor Dinah was ever in extremes of joy or misery—the present moment was always eternal.

It was the first warm, bright day in Spring. Pansies were blooming in the flower beds in the parks and in the great vases that stood before many houses on the avenue, and the balmy air was soft and sweet with the odor of flowers on every street corner—violeta, daffodil, rose, lilies-of-the-valley.

"How lovely the world is! How happy everything looks!" thought a young woman who was coming down the avenue with light, quick, springing steps—and quite unconsciously a half sigh had followed the unspoken words. For it was not so very long since Dinah Foote had found the world anything but lovely, and to her tear-clouded eyes nothing had looked happy. But that was more than a year ago, and she was still of an age when a year seems a very long time in the past and time beyond limit in the future. She came back to the present with a joyful realization that the world is lovely and everything is happy. People looked at her as she passed on with the elastic step that betokens youth and health as well as happiness; and having looked once many turned and looked again with such lingering admiration as clings to an object of more than usual attractiveness.

"What a beauty!" exclaimed one young man to his companion. "It is many moons since I have seen such a handsome girl."

"Of course you know who she is, Clarkson," said the other. "No? Oh, I forgot—you've been out West this year or more. That's the girl Dick Fitzgerald is going to marry—lucky fellow! Fata, having given him a million or two, leaves him free to do what he will with it and with himself. Others of us might like to marry the fair Dinah—if we had a chance—but Fitzgerald is the one who dares."

"Is it so much of a dare, Macallister? What's the matter with the fair Dinah—besides being fair? That she certainly is, but it isn't considered a serious obstacle to happiness."

"To be so handsome as that? Oh, I don't know! Rather trying to a fellow to have every other fellow in love with his wife. But it isn't alone her beauty—Dinah Foote has been married before—"

"Mrs. Foote is a widow, then?" Clarkson inquired, with a slight emphasis on the prefix, for Macallister's persistence in the use of the Christian name offended his severe taste.

"That's what no one seems to know, exactly—whether widow or divorcee. But she has been married and now she chooses to be known as Miss Foote, the name to which she was born, it seems; and no one—except Fitzgerald, of course—knows who or what the husband is, or was, or whether he is divorced or dead."

"Oh!" replied Clarkson, with a prolonged intonation. "Well, besides being a beauty she has a most lovely face, and the chances are that Fitzgerald is to be envied."

Clarkson's tone seemed final and the speakers continued their walk in silence. Meantime the young lady who had been the subject of these remarks was equally unconscious of the general admiration or the special discussion of which she had been the object. Though insensibly aware of the beauty of the day and the freshness of the flower-scented air, her mind was too preoccupied to be really conscious of anything except the delightful fact that her lover, who had been out of town for a whole week, was home again and would be with her at the usual hour in the evening. And why she should suddenly have stopped abruptly in front of the large building near Sixteenth Street she never afterward could explain, except on the theory that it was the beginning of the final act in the drama which she liked to call her Fate. On the billboard in front of her she read the following announcement:

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"Yes—bring me some hot coffee, Phillis." She followed the old mammy, who had hastened to open the door of a small sitting-room—her boudoir, the girl called it—at the further end of the hall. It was a pretty room, dimly lighted by a lamp the flame of which was only half turned up, and further softened by a pink silk shade that made the light very soft and soothing. A bright fire of aromatic wood burned in the open grate, for the evenings were still cold, and Phillis never forgot that her young mistress had been born and reared among the roses and orange trees of the sunny South.

At other times such warmth and softened brightness would have been very grateful to Dinah, but now she did not feel it; and seeing that Phillis stood looking at her, in evident trouble that would presently break out into more exclamations, she repeated her last words in a tone that Phillis hastened to obey—from habit, probably, for Dinah's commands when most imperative seldom inspired fear. Phillis was the only living creature that had ever been overawed by "Miz Miz," and when she now returned with the coffee it was with evident trepidation that she drew the attention of her young mistress to a couple of tiny birds on toast, assuring her they were the first of the season, and not too dear, either, because the poultry man favored her.

"No, Phillis, I can't eat—the coffee only, just now—by and by, perhaps, because of course I must eat—oh, how I wish I were dead or had never been born!"

She gulped down the coffee, though it burned her, and then sank into the comfortable low chair which Phillis had drawn up in front of the fire.

"And now leave me alone, mammy dear. By and by, when it's all over, I'll tell you about it. When Mr. Fitzgerald comes you are to say that I can't see him to-night!"

"Cain't see Miz Dick. An' he comin' here after a journey! Why, honey, he hasn't laid um eyes on yo' foh a week!"

"Phillis, don't interrupt me, and do as I have said. You will tell Mr. Fitzgerald that I cannot see him to-night—say I am not well—tell him to come to-morrow—oh, anything you like, but I must be alone now! Then when he has gone away, mammy, come and put me to bed."

Phillis carefully righted the small silver tray that had nearly slipped out of her hand, placing the empty coffee-cup in its saucer; replaced the cover she had removed from the tempting little birds; and finding it impossible by such devices further to prolong her stay, at last, with a heavy heart, turned away and with slow and ominous shaking of her turbaned head returned to her kitchen.

"Not a qui'l," she muttered to her dishes and saucers. "Cain't be a qui'l, cos she hasn't seen um yet! Cain't be a lettah, cos she was happy as a hummin'-bird when she went out—oh! Lawd-a-massy, what has come to Miz Miz?"

Phillis was still turning over that question in every form suggested by a lurid imagination when she was a second time startled by an impulsive summons of the door-bell. As she hastened to answer it she saw that the door of Dinah's room still stood open, and the hurried glance she cast within told her that her young mistress sat just where she had left her—except that her face was turned to the door. The warmth of the fire, or some more potent fire within, had sent a color like the blood of roses to her cheeks and lips and a glowing radiance to her eyes. She heard her lover's eager voice, in answer to the hurried greeting of the old mammy, and she half rose as if to go to him—then sank back, choking down the sob that rose to her lips.

"You can't come in, Miz Dick! You can't see her—she's not well," panted Phillis, stammering wildly in the effort to be convincing. "She can't see you—an' she won't—an' she must be alone!"

"Can't see me? Won't—and not well!" The perplexed, disappointed tone was like a blow to Dinah, and she put up her little quivering hands to shut out the sound. "You don't know what you are talking about, Phillis! If Miss Dinah is not well, that is all the more reason why I ought to see her—go at once and tell her so."

He made a step forward as if to enter the drawing-room, but the ample form of Phillis barred the way.

"No, Miz Dick—please—'twould be more'n my life's wo'th—Miz nebbey forgive me 't you don't go 'way now, honey. 'Deed, Miz Dick, Miz—she's as that white when she come home to-night—white's yo' collah, Miz Dick, an' she say she's done see a ghost—an' she look so scared, Miz Dick, worse'n you do now."

Fitzgerald looked frightened, and when he spoke again the tremor in his voice sent a pang to Dinah's heart. She longed with all her soul to rush out and comfort him, but she wrung her hands together and sat immovable—listening.

"But this is dreadful, Phillis; and don't you see that you are driving me mad with all this mystery? If your mistress is in any trouble I should be the first to know of it. I only ask you to tell her this—"

"But I can't, Miz Dick, to-night—I jest can't—it's more'n my life's wo'th an' wst do I

care fo' ma life? Dis po' niggah on'y jest live fo' Miss Dinah! But come agen in de mawnin', Miz Dick—Miz Miz say come in de mawnin'—mebbe it be bettab—"

"Why didn't you say so before? To-morrow—very well! I shall come early in the morning. Phillis—tell your mistress, and oh! Take care of her—but I know you will—"

"Fo' de Lawd, Miz Dick, you know I'd die any minit to make Miss Dinah well or happy"—and having at length got Dick on the outside of the door, Phillis made haste to close it again; him, making it secure with the chain and drawning the bolt. She had not forgotten that she might have to open it again at any minute for some one of her lodgers, but these precautionary measures helped to strengthen her resolution against further entreaties on the part of Fitzgerald. Her devoted old heart ached with sympathy, and she knew that even her awe of Miss Dinah would not save her if the interview with Miz Dick had been prolonged another minute. With a long sigh of relief she hastened to her mistress, whom she found in silent, pitiful grief.

"How could you keep on refusing him, mammy? You have no heart."

"Jes' what I thinks myself, Miss Dinah—on'y I reckon they's two ob us made dat s'way, honey!"

"He loves me so, Phillis."

"Umph! Reckon dat's no such won'erful thing! Does yer want to be put to bed now, Miz Dinah?"

"Yes, mammy dear—I'm so tired, and no—oh! Don't talk to me, Phillis! Just get me ready for bed."

Phillis closed the door, and then brought from the adjoining room a long, loose robe, and brushes and combs. It was the hour of all the twenty-four that she most enjoyed. She turned up the flame of the lamp and the increased light added to the brightness and warmth of the room; then having exchanged the girl's walking dress for the loose kimono, she placed the easy chair where Dinah could see herself reflected in the pier-glass on the opposite side of the room. But it is doubtful if she even saw the ravishing vision it reflected. Dinah was so beautiful and had so long been aware of it that she accepted the fact like any other fact of existence. She was not selfish and beauty, as an element of power, was unknown to her. She loved it and rejoiced in it as she did in flowers, in sunshine, in music; and when she became aware of it in herself—as she did very often—it was in the same impersonal manner. This gave her a rare and unusual charm, and doubled the effect of her beauty on the observant beholder. But to-night she was unconscious of her outward self in every way. A burning pain was consuming her heart, and a cold horror was again chilling her veins—a horror so overwhelming that it numbed the pain. Phillis withdrew the pins from Dinah's hair, and the rippling mass of ruddy gold fell about a neck and shoulders as soft and snowy as the petals of a white rose. She put up her hands and pushed it impatiently from her face, and the wide sleeves falling back showed arms as polished as alabaster, and every feature in the face had its own superlative loveliness. The sylph-like grace of the figure, hiding in the flowing drapery of the kimono; the feet, dainty as Cinderella's, playing hide-and-seek in the loose Turkish slippers—the old mammy heaved a sigh that all this beauty should be wasted, even its possessor not deigning to look at it; and then she caught up the ivory-backed brushes and began gently, steadily, to use them on the glittering, perfumed tresses. Minute after minute passed in silence—ten, twenty, a half hour, three-quarters—then, glancing into the mirror, Phillis saw that tears were dropping from the beautiful eyes of "Miz Miz," faster and faster; and long restrained sobs were shaking the slender shoulders. The poor old mammy uttered an inarticulate cry, and casting aside the brushes flung herself down at Dinah's feet and gathered her nursing into her dusky arms.

"Fo' de Lawd, honey, my pore ole heart is bruk to see you so sad and sorry—can't ye tell me, Miss Dinah? Cain't ye tell ole mammy what hurts ye so?"

"Phillis," said Dinah, holding the dusky face between her own slender little hands, "you know how he loves me—you know how I love him—oh! It is wrong to part us—nothing ought to come between us—it would not be right."

"Foh sush, honey—dat couldn't be right."

"If something you loved, Phillis—something you loved best in the world—"

"I loves you best, honey," whispered Phillis.

"Then if something hideous—a poisonous thing, a crawling snake, was to come between you and me, Phillis—to take me from you forever—"

"Huh! Where, Miss Dinah? Where, honey? Let me kill it!"

"You would kill it, mammy? It wouldn't be wrong?"

Phillis was a quadroon in color, and now as the blood receded from her face it became of

that ghastly, livid pallor peculiar to her race under the influence of hate or fear.

"Has some one tried to harm yo', honey?" she whispered. "Does yo' want to put a hoodoo on me?"

Dinah answered with a short, dry laugh, and sitting up suddenly, shook back her hair. She pushed the old woman gently away.

"I have had enough of hoodoo, mammy! Sometimes I think a hoodoo was put on me before I was born. What have I done—what have I done that I should suffer so? If our lives are all laid out ten thousand years before we are born how can we change it? How are we to blame? And why, why should be made to suffer so?"

"Oh, Miss Dinah!" moaned Phillis, wringing her hands in utter misery. "Let me do it—tell me, honey! Ole mammy wuk de hoodoo fo' yo'?"

Dinah flung her arms about the old mammy's neck and laid her own fresh rose-leaf cheek against the dusky face.

"Finish brushing my hair, Phillis—it rests me; and then bring me a bit of supper. I think I'm hungry—and sleepy. Then you may tuck me into bed for the night."

Phillis was accustomed to sudden changes of

he could not trust himself to read it under other eyes he hurried from the room and from the house, and in a few minutes found himself in one of the small parks belonging to that part of the city. It was quite empty, being as yet early morning—not even a nursemaid had invaded the place. He dropped into the first seat he came to and began to read the letter.

"Our dream is over, Dick—my husband is not dead, as we had thought and believed—as you had even proved to yourself. You know, dear, when you told me you could not find the grave I have more than once doubted his death. This afternoon as I walked down the avenue I saw his name advertised to lecture to-night at Channing Hall. I have looked among the advertisements of several papers since I came home and I see that he will give two or more lectures this week, so you can convince yourself that I have not gone mad—that this is no delusion. What am I to do, dear? How am I to live? You can bear it better than I, because you are a man, and men are stronger than women. Even bad men are stronger, but you are so good—you have been so good to me, and I do so love you for that—for everything. But, Dick, dear—dearest in all the world, I must never see you again while my

would the jeweler do nothing—would he have the thief in quiet possession?

"Feel that I am!" exclaimed Dick, starting to his feet. "This news has stunned—me and all! It is not true—the poor child is the victim of some mistake. The man is dead—he is dead. Dinah does not know that I went to that far-off Mexican town a second time to find the fellow's grave. I did not tell her of that—the subject was too painful and we both avoided it. But now I will get further proof—proof such as will convince her forever!"

His glance sought the letter once more, and the first line it fell on turned him cold to the tips of his fingers—"Here—and delivering inc-

"Can it be that those Mexicans deceived me, seeing how eager I was to prove the fellow's death? It must be so! The man is alive—perhaps he has seen her, threatened her—that, at least, must be stopped—no power on earth shall give her back to him—she never shall!"

He broke off, shuddering—since this was a matter of conscience with Dinah, how far might conscience carry her? But no—Dinah had left her husband before Dick had met her; and it was with a thrill of triumph he now remembered how

could never remember, but when eight o'clock struck he was one of the small audience gathered to listen to Professor Mowen. His seat was in the front row, centre, for he had determined to observe at close range; but he neither clearly heard nor understood what was said. All his senses seemed absorbed in that of sight. He was conscious of nothing but the small man who stood before him, with clasped hands and the look of some frightened, hunted animal. The professor was short, about five feet in height, and thin to attenuation; and his heavy hair, of a reddish russet, was combed back from a shiny brow and suggested the mane of a normal horse in the way it fell over his shoulders. He had a weak, tremulous mouth, from which a torrent of words poured forth against his will—to Dick he seemed like a creature possessed by a power beyond his own control, compelled to speak and terror-stricken because of it. The only noticeable feature was a pair of extraordinary eyes—large, very prominent, of a clear, pale blue, and burning like a steady flame. They held his audience and gave compelling force to his words, which were listened to in a sort of trance silence. But they possessed neither power nor fascination for Dick—he was conscious of one thought only. This

"Then, glancing into the mirror, Phillis saw that tears were dropping from the beautiful eyes and long restrained sobs were shaking the slender shoulders."

husband lives. You know this is right, Dick, because it would be more than I could bear. We have gone all over this subject long ago, when I first learned to love you, and before we made the mistake of thinking that he was dead. It may be, as you then said, that I have sufficient grounds for divorce, and it may be that a divorce could be obtained without trouble or scandal. But it wouldn't do—I can never believe in divorce. I was brought up to be faithful to any contract I entered into, and marriage is the most solemn of all contracts. Death alone can dissolve it. I was not hypnotized—I was not incapable of judging for myself when I married Mowen. I loved the man—at least I believed so; and if I was mistaken I must bear the consequence of that mistake. I know I am not clever and perhaps not very strong-minded. I'm afraid this will kill me—it is so hard, so hard. I can die if I must, but I cannot go against my conscience. Oh, you don't know how I suffer—the temptation—the horror that is about me just now—I fight against it, but it comes again and again—all night, like some monstrous devil, it has stood before me. But it will go—it will leave me in peace if only you will have patience, dear, till I can overcome it. You must not do or say anything that will make things harder. When I feel that I am strong enough I will see you once more—"

The letter ended so, and left Dick staring at the incoherent words. It was the sound of a stifled groan from his own lips that roused him. He smoothed the crumpled letter and read it again, and for a moment tears dimmed his sight and slowly dropped on the paper. He was man enough not to be ashamed of them.

"My poor little girl!" he murmured. "Oh, my poor little girl—what must I do, what may I do to help her?"

The mingled strength and childlessness of the letter stabbed him to the heart, though certain phrases in it seemed so cruel. Why need she speak of that wretch as her "husband"—why remind him that she had once loved him, or even thought she had—but he was a fool to think of that. The letter showed plainly enough the frantic state of the writer's mind. At one moment Dick felt that he must snatch her up in his arms and see with her to the end of the earth—in the next he would have died rather than pain her by a look or word! And yet to lose her, perhaps forever, this pearl of beauty and sweetness—in all the world there was none to compare with her, and he had thought her all his own—oh, it was maddening. A jeweler who had found the Koh-i-noor only to have it snatched from him by some hideous thief might appreciate the loss, but not the grief—not the grief. But

she had told him that she had grown to detest the man with such loathing that she felt it a crime to remain under the same roof with him. On that point she had been as strong as on the other side of the question when she refused the freedom of a divorce. She had grieved over a wasted life, but she had accepted the chastisement of her girlish infatuation. It was later, after she had met Dick and loved him, that despair had come into her life. Then had come the news, the joyful news—for Dinah had never pretended to think it other than joyful—of Mowen's death; and it seemed that heaven had forgiven her in withdrawing her punishment. All this and more came to Fitzgerald in what seemed disjointed flashes of memory, and again he groaned at his own helplessness. He loved Dinah with all the passion and tenderness of a heart awakened for the first time. He would willingly venture or give away his life to serve her; and yet he could do nothing to put aside this crushing grief that had fallen on her—on himself. Was there not something he might do—something that would at least show his sympathy—his devotion? Involuntarily his steps turned toward the house he had but recently left, and Phillis received this second visit as if she had been waiting for it.

"Don't come in, Marse Dick—it does kill Miss Dinah to see you! She's tolle me 'bout it—dat man, oh, dat man! I alius know'd he'd be the death of her—"

"She's not afraid of him, Phillis?"

"No, nah! Marse Dick, you know Miss Dinah—she's 'fraid o' nuffin' wen her sporet's ris—she's on'y 'fraid to see yoh, Marse Dick."

"I don't ask it, Phillis—I won't ask it. I won't even write to her—just yet—for fear I might say something to give her pain. Tell her this—it is what I came to say—and be careful of her, Phillis! Don't let her out of your sight—when she goes out I shall not even try to see her—or speak to her—I trust her to you entirely, you good old mammy. But if you need me, Phillis—if she is ill—if there is any reason to call on me you will send at once, won't you? I know you will, Phillis."

The words rushed from his lips like a stream that has burst through all artificial barriers—then turning away he hastened to put himself beyond temptation, for Dinah's room door stood partly open and he felt sure that she was hearing every word he had spoken. As though he had been sent, his steps led him to the very spot where Dinah had read the words that had turned her happiness to bitter ashes.

"To-night!" exclaimed Dick, reading the announcement. "To-night—well! I can see him. There is nothing to forbid that—I will see the scoundrel, and then, perhaps—O God! Is there no way out of this misery? It will drive me mad and it will kill Dinah!"

How he spent the rest of the day Fitzgerald

creature, this freak and mountebank, stood between him and the woman he loved. Dinah had loved him—he had been and still was his wife! Oh, the horror, the monstrous horror of it! The loathing, the humiliation to remember it—Dinah, the exquisite, beautiful girl! His Dinah, so lovely, sweet, delicate, charming—a rose among women—to have chosen this incubus and now to refuse to free herself from it? It was incredible—he turned sick at the thought—the air felt stifling—he staggered to his feet and got something out of the room, looking white and faint.

That night Dick Fitzgerald drank more champagne than he had ever drunk during any one evening of his life, but it failed to drown the remembrance of Dinah Poote; and by morning he had gained only a racing headache and a terrible sense of dissatisfaction with himself.

"Oh, it's no use—I love her more than ever—if I didn't I should despise and hate myself worse even than I now do—she was but a child four years ago, and what more is she now? She is no more to blame than if that wretched story had happened in some other life—on some other planet—oh, if it only had!"

He made a hasty pretense of breakfast and rushed to Phillis for news of Dinah. Days went by, and each morning found him at Dinah's door, listening to the same words in answer; and he could see that Phillis was becoming more and more alarmed about her young mistress. One day the alarm burst into words.

"Oh, Marse Dick, dis can't go on! Miss Dinah'll suah go crazy—she mosly is now—doan' eat, doan' sleep—doe live on coffee an' milk. Las' night I take her for ill walk in de park, but she dat nervous I mos' 'fraid p'leasan take up hobe to station—dat I bring her home an' put her to bed, an' she sen' me 'way, den lock her doah. But I lis'en an' lis'en, an' heah her cry an' pray an' talk all night like she gone out'n her haidin'—"

"May I see her, Phillis?"

"Des' what I ask her, Marse Dick, but she des screen no-no-no! But I say yes-yes-yes! Marse Dick, an' I goin' fix it somways dis very night. All de lodgers goin' to be out to-night, an' 't'll Miss do have dem hysterics no one be here to know of 't—des come 'bout nine or ten o'clock an' I lots yoh in, quiet—dat I coaxes Miss Dinah to see yoh—"

"I shall be here, Phillis—but say nothing of it till I come—there must be an end of this, somehow. It is killing us both—or worse! Oh, Phillis, when I think of what she is suffering I feel as though I must go mad—"

"Des' say it, Marse Dick, des' say it!" Phillis almost pushed the door against Fitzgerald in her haste to close it; but he was far too writhed to resent this treatment, for he understood the cause of it. The hours seemed years to him as he counted the weary minutes of that day; and unable to bear the suspense he started

wood on the part of her mistress, and now made haste to obey—lest the present order should be countermanded. Having eaten the appetizing supper and allowed herself to be put to bed after the manner of a five-year-old baby, Dinah dismissed the old mammy with strict injunctions not to disturb her if she slept late on the next morning. As for herself, poor Phillis hardly slept at all, and was up long before daylight. She was much troubled, for she had been with her "Mammy" through all the cares and sorrows of her young life—and now it looked as if something worse than all that had gone before was hanging over her. She busied herself about the various duties of the kitchen, pausing often to listen for the summons that would call her to open the door for Marse Dick. He had said he would come in the morning, "early," and she knew what that meant—she had just reached this point in her musings when the bell rang.

Fitzgerald was very pale and disturbed; and Phillis showed him into the drawing-room—having received no orders to the contrary, she was eager to evince her true feelings.

"Habent sis Miss Dinah die mawnin', Marse Dick, an' don't dare go tell she calls, but when I try de doah two, free times it's far' locked. There! Dat's her bell now!"

She hurried away, leaving Dick with an overwhelming feeling of apprehension. Phillis returned immediately.

"Miss Dinah sends her love, Marse Dick, an' de lettah. She won't be able to see you—to-day."

"Phillis—"

"Don't ye, Marse Dick, please doan't ye! Dis pore niggah's heart am bruk to ill bits—taint no use ter talk ter me."

Dick took the letter. He felt hurt, angry, desperate, cruelly perplexed and frightened, all in a moment; and then as he unconsciously crushed the letter in his grasp a thought of its contents comforted him. Of course it held some explanation of all that seemed so strange—so unjustifiable.

"Is she better, Phillis?" he asked, trying to subdue his fierce impatience. "Only say that she is well again, and—happy—I will wait her own time to see me."

"Bettah read yo' lettah, Marse Dick—I done know auflin'."

Fitzgerald tore open the letter, but feeling that

ward. Dinah's hours before eight o'clock, and seeking to while away the time he found himself in front of the hall still devoted to Professor Mousen's lectures. Evidently the professor or his subject had obtained a sudden popularity, for a great crowd was following its way into the hall, and Fitzgerald gathered from occasional phrases that the man had created something like a sensation among the audience for marvels. He was described "weird," "wonderful," "possessed of a devil," and other things less complimentary. Without conscious intention, Dick joined the crowd, and again found himself well in front and close to the platform. The professor was already there, and to one of his audience he seemed more repulsive than ever. His pallor, his wild eyes and his gaping utterances possessed a morbid fascination for the others, and apparently they listened with breathless attention. Many of them seemed overcome with pity, as if feeling the approach of some catastrophe, and when the speaker suddenly swayed to and fro, flinging up his arms, there was a simultaneous cry of sympathy, drowned by the crash of that frail, emaciated body as it fell to the floor. Several men rushed forward, among them three or four physicians; and Dick Fitzgerald reached the platform at a bound. Two men had raised the inanimate body, and the head rested against the knee of the man who held it. The physicians were examining the wrists, feeling about the heart, seeking in all the usual ways for any sign of life; but in the wide staring eyes, stony and sightless, the drawn and pallid face, the form already growing rigid, the most inexperienced could read the ghastly truth.

"Is he dead?" asked Dick, his voice shaking with uncontrollable excitement. "Is he dead?"

The men on the platform looked at him with interest, and one of the physicians—the oldest—answered for the others:

"Yes, sir, the poor fellow is dead. Are you a relative?"

"No—oh, no, no! But is it certain the man is dead?"

"There can be no doubt of it. Professor Mousen consulted me to-day—a peculiar and most interesting case of heart trouble. I warned him—indeed, I forbade him the exertion of speaking to-night, but he persisted—"

Fitzgerald turned away and pushed his way through the crowd. His own heart was thumping wildly, a roaring as of many waters was in his ears, and he struggled almost violently toward the door. People made way for him, and in a few moments he had reached the street and was standing, bareheaded, gazing up at the stars and at the vanishing crescent of a new moon setting in the west. Memory returned with calmness, and putting on his hat, which he still held clenched in his hand, he regained sufficient control of himself to turn his steps toward the house of Dinah Foote; and in a few moments Phyllis was showing him in as agreed upon, and chiding him in a low tone for coming so much before the hour.

"All that is changed now, Phyllis. I bring news that will make me welcome at any hour. May I tell you, mammy? Don't cry out—don't startle her. He is dead—dead—nothing stands between Miss Dinah and me, who loves her more than life! This time there is no mistake Phyllis—my eyes have looked on his dead face—"

"Foh Gawd's sake, Marse Dick! But bress de Lawd—bress de Lawd!"

Phyllis leaned against the door jamb, for she felt her knees give way as if unable to support her. Her face was gray and her eyes rolled wildly till only the whites could be seen, but she was far too staunch to be wholly overcome at such a critical moment. She hastened to call back her scattered wits, and to think only of her mistress.

"You are such, Marse Dick, such—true foh certain 'yo' I tells Miss Dinah?"

"I saw him dead, Phyllis—but how shall I tell her? How can we break the news without harming her?"

"Marse Dick, she's ready for it. Lil Miss tells me dat man gwine ter die—she been waitin' to hear 'bout it. Doan't you be scauri—Miss Dinah can bear dat news—" she looked back at him with a smile and nod of encouragement as she left the room.

Dick, unable to keep still, walked about the room—he snatched at books on the table, glanced at them and then flung them down—pushed chairs about, then replaced them; and glancing toward the door saw Dinah standing on the threshold, looking at him. It was two weeks since they had parted and when he had last seen her she was like the first fresh rose of June. Now she was like a broken lily and the change was heart-breaking; but it was the look of frozen horror on her face that struck terror to his soul. And then she was in his arms and he was holding her close to his breast as if she had been a frightened child.

"Don't be frightened, darling; don't be frightened!"

Again and again he repeated the words, smoothing her hair and caressing her face, and conscious that he was frightened himself and less calm than she—for the look on her face was not what he had expected to see there.

"Don't look so, dear," he said at last. "The trouble is over now—nothing can come between us any more, Dinah. Does it seem too shocking for me to say that, dear? But I must say it—he is dead."

"Yes, Dick, and I have killed him."

Fitzgerald could never quite forget the sound of her voice when she spoke those words—it pierced him like a keen, sharp knife. But he

only held her closer, and sinking onto the sofa near by drew her down beside him.

"All this anxiety and suffering has excited you, dearest," he said gently. "It is natural you should talk wildly—"

"Don't think that I am excited, Dick—I know too well what I am saying. Listen—I will tell you about it." Her head drooped and rested on his shoulder, and she spoke in a monotonous, level tone, never raising her voice. "At first perhaps I wished his death, for the shock of learning that he was alive may have unsettled my mind for the moment. I could think of nothing except that you were parted from me as long as he lived. Not knowing what I was doing, I joined the crowd of people who were going into the hall to hear a man talk about psychic phenomena; and I listened like one in a dream, not understanding a word that was spoken. Suddenly my attention became fixed—the speaker was explaining how the power of the will, absolutely concentrated, could produce sickness or even death to the person against whom it was directed. I had heard such things, or something like, when I was

your husband. But now I must ask you—and you must tell me, dearest—what was he like? Describe him to me."

Dinah raised her head suddenly and drew away from him. She wrung her hands together, twisting her slender fingers in an anguish of nervousness.

"Oh," she said with a deep, hopeless sigh, "he was what people called a handsome man—particularly did girls think him so—I was not the only fool! Girls raved about him. He was tall and elegant in figure. His hair was black and glossy, and his complexion pale and clear. And his eyes were wonderful, large and dark, glittering with a fiery light; and sometimes soft and luminous—"

"Have you no picture of him?"

"Yes—I thought I had destroyed it. I found it that night after Dinah had left me. It was among my papers when I tried to write that letter to you—I tried to burn it—I mean the picture, because it brought him so clearly before me—but I couldn't. Something held me back when I tried to put it in the fire."

"It is very simple, dear; your—by heaven, no—I won't call him so now! This man whose picture you have given me was dead, as you thought. I went a second time, as I ought to have told you, and saw his grave—I shall go once again. This other wreath whom you did not see was an impostor—a little whimped creature, with red hair, parchment face—"

"And wild, scared eyes," Dinah interrupted. "Did he look half frightened to death?"

"Yes, did you ever see him?"

"He was Mousen's agent and secretary—he adored him as a faithful dog loves his master. He used to say that Mousen's soul would become his if the master died first—he was a believer in reincarnation and all manner of mad ideas."

"He looked it well, dear, that is the man who died to-night. I thought, of course—"

"Oh, Dick, Dick—that creature! But now I understand, and I did not kill poor Hartwell, for I never once thought of him."

Dick closed his lips on the words he was about to speak—she was such a child! At some better time he would show her the folly of such beliefs

—just now he could but thank heaven for giving back his rose, his pearl, his diamond beyond price.

"And when do you go again to Mexico, Dick?"

"To-morrow, if you say so—"

"Yes, if I may go with you."

"Do you mean it, Dinah?"

"I owe you something, dear, for all the heartache I have given you—Dick! Please—there! I hear Phyllis coming—mammy, come here—I want you." She moved toward the door as Phyllis appeared there. "Mammy, dear, we are to meet Mr. Fitzgerald at the church to-morrow—there will be no grand wedding, but just a quiet marriage—then we start for Mexico. You can attend to everything for me in the meantime."

Phyllis smiled till her full set of ivory was visible, and her voice gurgled with delight when she answered:

"Yes, Misse—an bress de Lawd for it!"

Dinah was at the age when happiness can soon efface the traces of tears and suffering; and when she now turned to Dick, as Phyllis hastened away, her face seemed transfigured. Never had he seen such a vision of loveliness. The pallor, the look of horror that had lain like a blight on her girlish beauty had vanished like mist before the sunlight—even the memory of her grief was gone. They never spoke of it again—but

Did those misdirected thought-waves have anything to do with the sudden and mysterious death of the spurious Professor Mousen? Answers respectfully invited from Phyletic Researchers.

ELIZABETH C. WINTER.

## HA PINESS.

The boy was alone, unfortunate and a beggar. Begotten in misery, with wretchedness and squalor for his playmates, the sting of poverty had early embittered his life. He never had bathed in the fountain of happiness, and, until he grew older and realized for what the world was working, fighting and struggling, he knew not of what was called happiness.

Money! money must be happiness, for money bought bread, more money bought meat, and much money bought—happiness. And the boy became a worshiper at the shrine of money. A slave in the mart of men. As he grew still older and money brought the flush of strength to his limbs, night and day became to him one. He labored ceaselessly, and the little rivulet of copper became a river of silver, and the river of silver an ocean with a restless tide of gold. Fortune smiled; the boy was a man with gray flecked temples and wealth and power for his lackeys—yet happiness was not his.

What was happiness? The man shook his head and marveled at other men and pitied youth, for he no longer believed in happiness, until he met woman, and loved. But were these fleeting moments of joy that caressed him from out the gloom of doubt, despair and despondency, happiness? Was this agony of mind and unrest of soul the path which led to his heaven? Again he marveled until the woman's kiss banished hell and bid him within the gates of paradise to rest and dream. At last he drank of the cup of happiness.

Then the woman died. But the man lived, and memory and sorrow were his companions. He no longer marveled at men, but he pitied youth, for again the world was a sea of darkness.

Years passed and time, the destroyer, came and whitened his hair, furrowed his cheeks and bent his tottering steps to the grave. And, as the tide swiftly swept him toward the eternal shore, a look of peace illumined his marble features, and his voiceless lips framed a woman's name—and, as his soul passed on, an angel whispered: "It is the only true happiness for the great mistaken." ONUSSY A. COURT.

## APPRECIATION.

McCOMMICK: "When I got off that gag last night the people roared."

MCQUAISTICK: "Like mad bulls, I suppose."

## HIS GUESS.

Jack Pigswill: "I am sorry I didn't see Miss Coryphe when she played in Chicago."

Will Gotham: "What did she appear in?"

Jack Pigswill: "I don't know; by the big crowd she drew I guess it was tights."

"Thank heaven! Will you let me see it, Dinah?"

"I will bring it, dear."

Dinah felt that she moved and spoke as if in a dream, and yet she was conscious of the uttermost relief of knowing that she was about to be awakened from a nightmare. She went and came again so quickly that Dick was hardly conscious of her absence. He took the picture—the old-fashioned card photograph—and examined it under the full light of the chandelier. He looked at it eagerly, hungrily, as a man might look at the face of a loved woman, once lost and now to be given back—for the picture meant something like that to him. It was the face of a handsome man, as Dinah had said, with the mocking smile of Mephistopheles and an almost diabolical fascination in the eyes.

"This, then, was Professor Mousen, Dinah?"

"Yes, dearest."

"I never thought to have such pleasure in looking at him!" He put the photograph in his breast pocket. "My little girl, my sweet little girl, this has been such a foolish mistake, and we have suffered terribly for nothing."

"But I don't know what you mean, Dick!"

His arms were about her and she was looking up at him with an indescribable feeling of peace and security.

## THE VIRGINIA MINSTRELS' CHRISTMAS.

**L**THIS is a Christmas story of another Virginia Minstrel, not the first troupe of that name organized by Billy Whitlock in 1845, in which he was joined by Daniel D. Emmett, author of "Dixie;" Frank Brower, and Dick Pelham. William Whitlock was a banjoist, and his daughter, Mrs. Edwin Adams, treasured his instrument for years. As a prefatory matter of history it is proper to quote here Mr. Whitlock's well-established assertion:

"The origination of the minstrels I claim as my own idea, and it cannot be blotted out. One day I asked 'Old' Dan Emmett, who was in New York at the time, to practice the fiddle and the banjo with me at his boarding house in Catherine Street. We went down there, and when we had practiced two or three times Frank Brower called in by accident. He listened to our music, charmed to the soul. I told him to join us with the bones, which he did. Presently Dick Pelham came in, also by accident, and looked amazed. I asked him to procure a tambourine and make one of the party. He went and got one. After practicing for a while we went to the old resort of the circus crowd, the 'Branch' in the Bowery, with our instruments, and in Bartlett's Billiard Room performed for the first time as the Virginia Minstrels. A programme was made out, and the first time we appeared upon the stage before an audience was for the benefit of Pelham at the Chatham Theatre. The house was jammed with our friends, and Dick, of course, put duets in his part."

This statement, furnished by Mrs. Adams, was published on March 12, 1860, and remains uncontested. On Monday evening, Feb. 6, 1865, there was presented at the Bowery Amphitheatre "the novel, grotesque, original and surprisingly malicious Ethiopian Band, entitled The Virginia Minstrels, being an exclusively musical entertainment, combining the banjo, violin, bone castanets and tambourine, and entirely except from the vulgarities and other objectionable features which have previously characterized negro extravagance."

For their benefit they gave on Feb. 9 "a negro concert;" a first part of four performers. "Dan Tucker on Horseback" (negro clown, Frank Brower; negro ringmaster, R. W. Pelham), and "The Geronade." Prior to this time the mimic "souls" had been almost entirely in the circus and menagerie, and this illustrious and innovative quartette were not the first to black up and imitate the darkey slave of the South.

## II.

Imitation is the sincerest flattery. One Frank Donaldson was inspired by the original Virginia Minstrels to direct a similar venture, while the first four in concert-black, after a season's tour under canvas with a circus, played a three weeks' engagement in Boston and finally turned up over the water. Donaldson was one of those indomitable individuals ever endeavoring to manage and always attaining only disaster and dire distress. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again" must have been Donaldson's motto and a spider his crest. All summer long the irresponsible general performer labored under the white tent with the single object in view, the exploiting of a troupe of his own at the end of the season. Indeed was he the man who dared. He would have had the temerity to have tried Shakespeare with himself as the Duke in *Hamlet*.

Donaldson's ambition had one value: it made him attentive to business the circus season long, proving one advantage in saving to spend. If I am correctly informed, Frank went on the road the season of 1844 with Seth R. Howes and Avery Smith and appeared in a late-in-the-Fall engagement in New York which might have continued until the next Spring but for his uncontrollable desire to again tempt managerial fame and fortune. It was not a difficult thing to find a trio who were lacking astuteness and whose circumstances led them to run any risk for immediate employment and bread and butter.

Donaldson did not resume action until just before Christmas, and the full strength of the company consisted of himself, the head, front and financier of the organization; George Dunbar, Charles Cotton, and Andrew Horn. The managers looked upon an advance agent as a superfluous luxury, and the Virginia Serenaders came to town unannounced to play in a hotel dining-room or a hall if such a thing existed. The director and capitalist had before his departure from New York a considerable capital, but before he crossed the river to New Jersey he had advanced several sums to the trio in settlement of their board bills and wipings off the slate at the "Branch" in the Bowery.

Several public rehearsals at Bartlett's Billiard Room had won many encomiums from admiring admirers, and the imitation Virginia Serenaders were pronounced quite equal to the original. At the first stand out of the city the manager made the mistake of performing too near the greater community, the receipts failing to reach the expenditures. At the second town the weather was

unpropitious. It snowed, the next day it rained, and the next it thawed in a sidewalkless bough with the slush knee-deep. For two days and nights it rained, and although the manager and owner was blue within he was pallid without. The performers, with the house less receding every day, began to draw, but the Virginia Minstrels did not. Donaldson, with disappearing resources, held the reins of control well in hand. Like many of the banks of the era he simply suspended payment. The trio growled to no purpose. The master of the minstrels thought that he grasped the situation when he boldly jumped out of New Jersey into Pennsylvania, literally leaping out of the frying-pan into the fire.

The three associates expostulated against the movement in vain, the only response being in the form of an interrogatory: "You are eating regularly, aren't you?"

So they were, and, being penniless with New York afar off, they had to face the outcome when the foreshadowed calamity found them dead broke in a land of strangers. Business did not pick up in Pennsylvania as expected by the hopeful Donaldson, who, as the Santa Claus holiday approached, was rapidly reaching the rock bottom of utter bankruptcy.

set well back from the road. Donaldson saw the bonfire light and halted at the gate to catch his breath and to consider. The three others, equally blown, turned.

"Mathias there is music at hand," exclaimed the manager; "we will sound his soul with music and the master of the house may open his heart, his purse or his poetry on the night before Christmas." The three others took courage, though cold and hungry. "We will approach with caution for fear of dogs," advised Donaldson, leading the procession that proceeded in a winding way in a circling road. For fear of causing the quartette kept well together, and neither their uniform tread nor the whining winds defaced the words of the guide: "A brother of mine lives somewhere in this State. We parted in anger years ago and I have never sought him nor met him. My father willed his fortune to us jointly, with the condition that my portion was to be held in trust until my thirtieth year. Brother was made the trustee, and at that I rebelled and ran away with a circus. Since that time I have followed the red wagons without a care for him nor the self he controlled."

"And he never traced you?" suggested Boose.

"The manager halted as he replied, "How

Then the manager voiced a solo:

"We are from a place, we don't know what,  
We miles from sea or land;  
We've trudged all the night,  
We've trudged all the night;  
Our names are Julius, Ciss and Crow,  
We're 'brother' on 'brother';  
We all belong to one family,  
But neither own our master."

Before the solo was reached a movement within was detected through the slate of the blinds. By the time that the door had reached a second full closure the front door opened to the ending of the verse:

"For we've 'trudged' here to make a laugh,  
An' please do white folks all,  
We'll holler, holler, an' we'll tambo,  
The accordion an' all."

The master of the mansion listened as the manager of the minstrels sang:

"There is nothing here that can offend  
Do feelings ob do most refined;  
Our songs are new and genteel, too,  
An' not ob do vulgar kind.  
Therefore we hope to meet your smiles,  
We do our best to please,

"An' make a night of fun an' mirth  
We'll our darkey songs an' glee."

"Welcome, gentlemen!" called the figure on the porch. "Come in and make a night of fun and mirth with your darkey songs and glee." The manager, as became his position, led the way, and as the master of the mansion and the minstrel met with outstretched hands, they both exclaimed:

"Brother!"

At the simultaneous recognition the trio of minstrels held back, to be invited to enter in another moment by the hearty host. It was no time for explanation, but the troubadours were at once made comfortable. A regal woman, the wife of the master and the queen of the mansion, directed the servants in the preparation of a quickly improvised meal, to which the nearly famished but providentially guided wanderers did ample justice.

The pointers of the grandfather's clock indicated the arrival of Christmas before host, hostess and visitors sought their couches. The host recounted how, after an interruption in the course of true love, a happy reconciliation with his sweetheart came about on a Christmas long past. And now at this day came another Christmas surprise and added happiness and another reconciliation, bringing more joy and the greatest gift of St. Nicholas in the Keystone State the night before Christmas, A.D. 1844.

The reconciled brothers consumed a greater portion of the night recalling and explaining the past. To the manager of the Virginia Minstrels it was told that his absence had long been mourned and his presence sought in vain. His fortune had gained greatly and the runaway circus boy was now a man of wealth.

Mirth reigned at that house all the Christmas day, and when the holiday was over the manager settled all claims of the Virginia Minstrels and sped them on their way to retail at the "Branch" to many an awestruck and wondering listener the romantic termination of the Number 2 company of Virginia Minstrels.

CHARLES H. DAY.

## THE VIOLIN.

I have not been able to class violins with other instruments. They seem to possess a quality and character of their own. By degrees this fascinating instrument seems to become a part of one, to be loved by one as a second soul. It becomes one's daily companion, obedient, gentle friend and confidante; into its sensitiveness we breathe our most sacred and purest thoughts. A prayer, a kiss, a confession, the ecstasy of rapture, the agony of despair, a sighing wind, a storm of emotion, a burst of welcome or a sad farewell! Ah, me, what choice of human emotion does it not encompass in its fragile frame.

No instrument can equal it in duration. The sturdy old fellow seems to live on forever. If it gets cracked you can glue it up; if bruised, a patch, and presto! it is itself again. You can take it to pieces, strengthen and put it together. It can often be repaired without losing its quality, and not infrequently comes home from the workshop better than ever.

Rome was not builded in a day, nor was the violin the invention of any one man or age. Like the piano, its different parts may be said to have come together from the four quarters of the globe. They appear to have been combined in every possible proportion, until endless experiments and the most irregular forms resulted at length in the singularly perfect and exquisitely simple instrument known as the Cremona violin, my own being a beautiful example of this ancient and famous make. Antonius Stradivarius, monarch of his art, the Raphael of the violin, gave it the sweet, rich, full and melodious tone and general finish that has made the sweetest of all musical instruments so enchanting.

BLANCA DE JUNIPER.

## HE NOTICED.

First Member: "When the audience began to throw those stale vegetables did you notice the poor star?"

Second Member: "Great Scott! When that two-pound potato struck my nose I noticed forty blooming stars."



CHRISTMAS ON THE ROAD.

At last the long expected came to pass and the inevitable arrived. The Virginia Serenaders reached Coalburgh the day before Christmas, the manager having given the stage driver his watch in pawn for the fares of the troubadours. If the whip had not been loquacious all might have been well. The bonfire, without a thought or a feeling above the \$ mark, turned the Virginia Minstrels out in a snowstorm, retaining their baggage and sending them away supperless on a Christmasy evening.

Surprisingly the heart-broken band smuggled out their instruments, and, argument or plea proving unavailable, they faced the storm with no point of destination in view, wading aimlessly in the biting Winter blasts. In sad silence they tramped until bones with trembling tongue vented: "Where are we going to?"

Frank Donaldson, after a painful pause, was heard to say above the whipping of the wind: "I don't know and I don't care."

All of the quartette were of the same mind and as much at sea as a ship without a rudder. Perhaps it was fate that led the minstrels on. It certainly was not the manager. Be that as it may, Providence, it is believed, found the way to a large house partially illuminated, a mansion

could he, if he cared? Donaldson is not my name."

"And you made no effort to hunt him up?" inquired the Tambourine. The snow sifted down swiftly and the wind soothed through the trees as the troubadour told the almost tragic tale beneath a sheltering tree at the roadside.

"No; it was told that a fashionable belle of New York witnessed him and he left the city for the indefinite Pennsylvania. I never located him. And I am glad that I never did!"

There was bitterness in words and accent, the manager divulged no more, and after silence and sighs the quartette again took up their tramp toward the crest top of the gently rising hill. The advance was noiseless, the tread of the snow giving forth no sound and attracting the attention of neither master nor dog. Just out of the flood of illumination that came through the slits of the blinds the Virginia Minstrels passed. Under the direction of the man called Donaldson the troubadours advanced to the light line and struck up in full chorus:

"Strike, boys, strike, wid all your might,  
An' make the banjo ring;  
We'll please do white folks here to-night,  
An' sound the tambourine."

## PRODUCING PLAYS.

*The Improving State of the Stage-Manager.*

The theatrical season is showing some marked tendencies which have for the past few seasons been only foreshadowed—tendencies which prove a growing desire to better the dramatic offerings from manager to public. Not perhaps in the improved qualities of the plays themselves, although many managers are realising more the advantage of placing the decently conservative masses than the indecently vulgar classes. But it is in another feature that the desire for improvement is most plainly seen. Not in the material produced so much as in the manner of producing. In short, the incalculable importance of intelligent stage-management is being more thoroughly realised.

The past few seasons have seen so many productions made which failed without it, though they seemed to have all other attributes of success—big names in author, actors and management, costly scenery, elaborate accessories and ample advertising. These performances showed in them names and money, but the lack of brains.

It was until recently a difficult matter for the artistic stage-manager to secure steady employment, much less appreciation. Any man who could hold a prompt book and, guided by it, direct rehearsals, superintend the setting of scenes and post "calls" was good enough. No finicky notions of artistic discretion save those which had to be tolerated from the author. And to the cheaper, smaller manager, in the popular-priced field, a stage-manager meant only a man who had been accustomed to send "plots" (property plots, etc.), push the button for the curtain signals, and get the mechanics of the performance through without hitch.

To-day it is rapidly changing, though even yet one may read in many a prominent first-night criticism that "the stage-management was good," or "bad," because there were or were not long waits in changing sets of scenes, or some other mechanical hitch. But though our critics, with all their infinite wisdom, have not yet learned the importance of dramatic direction, in its effect upon a performance, our managers and actors have, and our playwrights are beginning to.

Now our managers see more generally the absolute pecuniary value of the direction of such men as Horne (We mourn our loss!), or Gillette, or Belasco, and a few others, to all of whom their greatest success came not from their acting or playwriting so much as from their producing ability.

Zangwill once said he had not wanted a play of his produced because he was waiting for the intellectual stage-manager. Other playwrights might profit by his wisdom. Some of them—a few—are doing so. Several now stage their own plays and permit no interference. They have learned the necessity of good stage direction, though whether they have themselves learned how to supply it may be questioned.

There is no branch of stage work so limitless in its responsibility, its difficulties, or the knowledge it requires. Imagination, perception, observation, sympathy and histrionic ability are only the first equipment of the producer. He requires knowledge.

Knowledge of language, human nature, manners, customs, dress, geographical distinctions, historical differences, atmosphere, color, painting, drawing, mechanical construction, architecture, music, refined life, low life, middle-class life, ethics, morals, religion, literature, city life, country life, politics, eloquence, and, above all, a masterly sense of the practical. Further, he must possess moral attributes which are equally rare and indispensable. Patience, firmness, the faculty of teaching, of imparting ideas, ments, poise, pride, humility, elasticity.

To produce eight plays with two weeks of rehearsals from strange manuscripts, devoid of "business" or "directions," is a very different undertaking from preparing for three months for the production of one. To lay out the "business" overnight in a manuscript bare of "business" is one kind of a task; to spend a summer in historical research over an important production is quite another. Yet he must have the executive ability to do both, and with as sure touches in the one case as in the other. To de-



ON THE RIALTO.

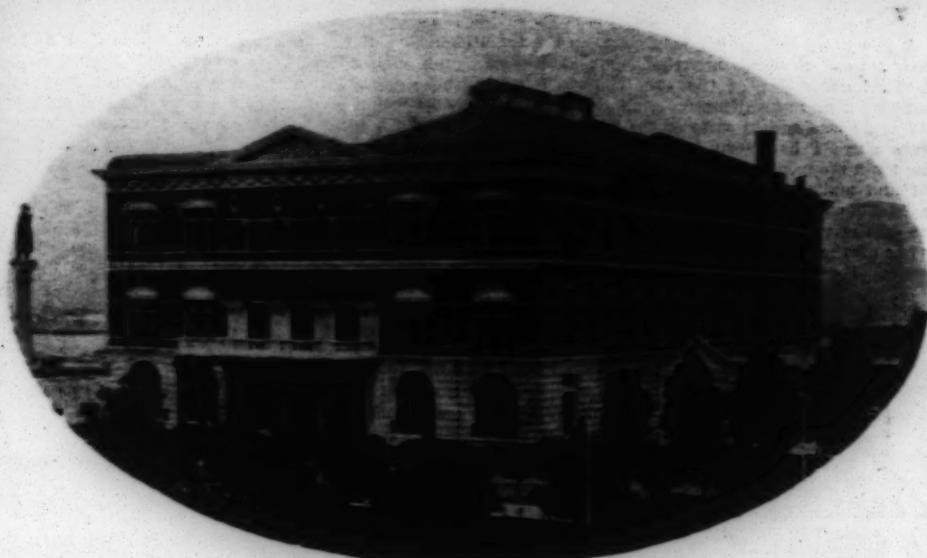
*First Thespian:* "Hello, old boy, how are you getting along?"  
*Second Thespian* (toying with toothpick): "Great! I'm playing in a New England drama. I get nine dollars a week, and a square meal in the farm kitchen scene every night, and two matinees. I never thought I would have such luck."

## PLAYHOUSES IN MEXICO.

The Teatro Juarez is the most beautiful theatre in Mexico. It cost half a million dollars and will seat about 3,000 people, but has never been opened. Its history follows: The President of the Republic, General Porfirio Diaz, visited the city of Guanajuato about five years ago, and during his reception they stoned him. He took an oath that he would never return, and they, thinking he did not mean it, invited him to visit them

give high-class vaudeville. The season will open about May 1. The theatre is in the principal street of the city and will hold about 3,000 people.

There is, too, a wonderful theatre at Chihuahua, Mexico. It is one of the finest, if not the finest, in the world. In New York we grow in the way of thinking that we have the best of everything that modern improvements and inven-



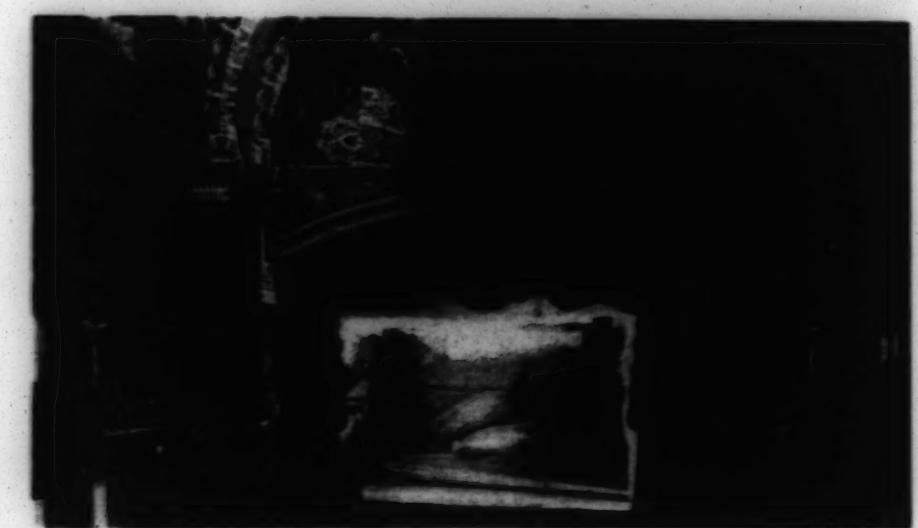
THEATRE CHIHUAHUA.

again and assist in opening the theatre. He declined to do so, and they refused to permit the theatre to be opened until it is opened by a President.

Americans were much in evidence at the opening of the season of Fregoli and his company at the Bencimiento Theatre. He gives a great performance of three hours with very able assistance of nineteen in his company, four of whom look so much like him that one can hardly tell them apart. C. De Garmo Gray has obtained a lease of the Teatro Principal, the leading theatre of the City of Mexico, for a term of years, to

tions can furnish, but we are very poor in theatres in comparison with most of the important cities abroad.

This modern temple of art in Mexico has been built at a cost of \$800,000. An enthusiastic admirer writing of it says: "Words cannot describe its beauty and completeness. The star dressing-rooms would make New York green with envy. Each has an exit directly on the street or plaza. They are twenty feet high, plentifully equipped with electric lights, gas and baths. The stage is larger than that of the Auditorium, Chicago, and a hundred and fifty feet to the roof."



THEATRE JUAREZ.

use a "ghost effect" in a lateral trap in an hour, to be built in five hours by a pair of carpenters who don't understand what he is after. It is not like employing a staff of expert mechanics for a month to perfect an effect, yet he should be able to do both.

To take a "hook-play" of 1850 and revise it for acting as a play of to-day, and do it in three nights, after performances, before going to bed. To take two "supers" and the property boy in red-coats, and so operate them as to give a convincing illusion of an invasion of British soldiers. To take a hundred raw, undrilled men, and to sort them, drill them, jaw, push and jostle them into the faithful semblance of a well-drilled army. To show the scenic artist why a "flattened" arch will not do in an Italian palace or a Gothic window in a Moorish temple; to get the property man so trained that he understands why whale-oil lamps and candles, not Argand or Rochester burners, should be put in an antebellum drawing-room; to avoid the use of Edison incandescent lamps in an Empire garden; to keep actors' clothes dirty when they want to keep them clean; to keep satin, gold braid and patent leathers off our early Colonial officers and middle-class housewives, and to keep paper off their walls, carpets off their floors, "Chippendale" furniture out of their rooms, and five-year-old musical airs out of their mouths.

These and a thousand other difficult things must the thoroughly capable stage director be able to do, and a thousand after that, for these are only suggested by a few of the mistakes in a few productions currently noted.

And, above all, to so advise, direct, coach and teach the actors and actresses engaged as to cause them to give a \$1,000-a-week performance on a \$500-a-week salary roll. There's the point! There's where the earnest, capable producer proves himself the greatest source of economy to the management. It is this last fact which, probably more than any other, is increasing the demand for capable stage directors. This and among the popular price attractions the competition for time at desirable theatres, which threatens to close such theatres to many attractions hitherto playing them. For while most cases of modern competition, said to exemplify "the survival of the fittest," really permit only "the survival of the cheapest," in this case the surviving attractions in the booking contest are those which give most solid satisfaction to the theatre's patrons. And here is shown the efficacy of good stage direction. For many a "return date" which is attributed to play or players is really

the result of able stage direction. And many an additional "five per cent." to the company's share on the next date is traceable to the same cause.

And with this sign of growing appreciation for the greatest force in the drama—with the playwright—let us hope for a development of other good tendencies. For while "the play's the thing," many a success has been made with a bad play by good stage direction. And many a good play has been driven to failure through lack of it.

And though you may dislike him personally, and resent his robustness, his "fisickness," his stupidity, his "spoiling of your best situation," as you view it, don't let your foolish feelings smother your love of a good performance, and remember that the best friend of the active work in the field of the drama—if he is sincere—is The Man Who Holds the Book.

CARL HUBERT.

## APRIL FOOL.

*A Sketch in Three Letters and Two Telegrams.*  
(A letter delivered to John Tremont, Pember-ton Square, Boston.)

NEW YORK, March 27, 1902.

DEAR OLD JACK:

"Friendship is no flower of hasty growth; Tho' planted in esteem's deep, fixed soil, The gradual culture of kind intercourse Must bring it to perfection."

If, old pal, you think it strange of me to be quoting poetry, you must remember that there's a method in my madness, and these lines to some extent apply to you and me, for now, though separated by miles, we are in reality—communion of souls, as it were—as close as when we shared a room and a dress suit at dear old Yale.

Our little confidences have never been betrayed, or rather my trusts in you, for you were ever the same old conservative boy who would share his secrets with no one. But your advice in the past was always so full of wisdom and common-sense that I am going to trespass on your good will, not for legal counsel, but for medical aid. Heart trouble. Therefore, after reading this note through twice—mind you, twice—go to the University Club, open the piano, improvise some sentimental reverie, then, in this mood, smuggle yourself into some quiet corner, order a cocktail and a good cigar, and "while the wreathed smoke tingles the air with calm re-

fection" (where did I hear that before?) read this letter through once more. Then keep the case as stated under advisement, and when you have reached a decision wire me at once. I entreat you to do this for the sake of old times.

I'm in love. There! The secret's out. Now, Jack, don't smile cynically. I'm truly sincere and since I've known this little vision of loveliness my only ambition has been to win her. Of course, it goes without saying that she's young and beautiful; hazel eyes and chestnut hair; peachy cheeks and willowy figure and all that sort of thing, but she's an actress—that is, she is the new prima donna of the Bohemian Opera company. Now, I know you'll say it's no go, but, Jack, I want to convince you. She isn't the least bit stagey, and meeting her has given me a high regard for theatrical people. Of course, you've heard of her—Minnie Abbott, a graduate of your Conservatory, who became famous here on Broadway on her first appearance. I know my folks will object to a stage girl, but I don't care. She's a beautiful, true, lovable woman, one you would be proud to call your wife—or rather that I would be proud to call mine. The only objection will be from my people. The old gent will just stand on his head with rage when he hears of it, but I can make my own way even if he does cut me off.

Now, Jack, in a lame way I have argued the case. I have about made up my mind to marry "Abbey" (that's her pet name; I suppose I shouldn't call her by it until we're married); but I want that cool, calculating head of yours to come to my assistance. I expect you to be cynical, for I remember the famous occasion when a certain beautiful blond, whose bewitching stage ways had caught your flinty heart, introduced her husband to you. So, after due consideration, wire me. Shall I propose to Miss Abbott? I promise you I shall faithfully abide by your decision.

Your old pard,

LYNN C. DOYLE.  
(A telegram delivered to Lynn C. Doyle, Union League Club, New York.)

BOSTON, March 28, 1902.

Don't. Will explain by letter.

JOHN TREMONT.

(A letter, delivered to Miss Mary Abbott, at her residence, New York.)

NEW YORK, April 1, 1902.

MY DEAR MISS ABBOTT:

Yesterday, during the reception, I presumed to believe that you looked on my little attentions and myself with favor, and this has given me the courage to write what I dare not speak. From the first moment that I saw you over the footlights I knew that there would never be another woman in the world for me. Seeking your dear acquaintance and friendship, the fragrant memories of your refinement and lovely personality have been my inspiration. If my father or mother object to your profession, when they know you as I do they will receive you as a daughter. So I send these moss roses, emblems of a confession of love, to plead for me. Miss Abbott—Minnie, my darling, I love you. Will you be my wife?

Faithfully and devotedly yours,

LYNN C. DOYLE.

(A letter delivered to Lynn C. Doyle, Union League Club, New York.)

NEW YORK, April 1, 1902.

DEAR MR. DOYLE:

Your beautiful roses and the note containing a proposal, which I shall ever esteem as one of the greatest honors of my life, came this morning. I am very, very sorry, for I never dreamed of encouraging you. I value your friendship too sincerely to willfully cause you pain or regret, and if I have been such a careless girl as to mislead you, I humbly ask your pardon.

I judge that you should know my reason for answering you in this way. While I was studying my music in Boston I met a dear friend of my cousin Jim, and—well, we are to be married in October. He was at Yale with Jim and his name is John Tremont.

I will keep your confidence as a sacred trust, and again, dear Mr. Doyle, appreciating the honor you have paid me and trusting that we shall always be the best of friends, I remain,

Your sincere friend,

MARY ABBOTT.

(A telegram delivered to John Tremont, Pember-ton Square, Boston.)

NEW YORK, April 1, 1902.

Your letter and explanation not arrived yet. However, I shall take your advice and shall not marry her.—LYNN C. DOYLE.

JACK CANTWELL.



THE NAMES THE THING.

*Playwright:* "I've written a great play, but I'm at a loss what to name it."  
*Friend:* "I'll name it for you."  
*Playwright:* "But you haven't read the play."  
*Friend:* "I have, I have it in my memory."





Photo Wilson, Chicago.  
**MYRA COLLINS.**



**CLARA MATHIES.**



Photo Gardner, Brooklyn.  
**EDNA EARLIE LINCOLN.**



Photo Chickering, Boston.  
**PAULINE HALL.**



Photo T. H. Wilson, Chicago.  
**SHIRLEY SISTERS.**



**BARNEY GILMORE.**



Photo Eddowes Bros., N. Y.  
**LEOLA MAYE.**



Photo T. H. Wilson, Chicago.  
**MR. AND MRS. NEIL LITCHFIELD.**



Photo Lovelace, Philadelphia.  
**HENRY BUCKLER.**



Photo Wilson, Chicago.  
**EDNA COLLINS.**



Photo Lovelace,  
**ANNA HOLLINGER.**



Photo Bell, Memphis.  
**WILLIAM STUART.**



Photo Wilson, Chicago.  
**PAULINE HALL.**

## THE PROSCENIUM DOOR.



It has seldom gone unshackled; what we call Progress is the removal of old yokes and the substitution of new. The fetters gradually become lighter and less galling, but they continue to be worn. In view of the enviable position which England now holds as a pioneer of scenic reform, it is vital to remember that the British stage not only had to rid itself of most of the fundamental artificialities common to the European theatre, but had, moreover, to throw off the yoke of an individual and self-imposed conventionality.

As the measure of its servitude, so the measure of its glory.

With the dawn of the Restoration, some two hundred and forty years ago, came the first properly constituted theatres in England—that is to say, theatres provided with scenes and having proscenium and front curtains. In the main, these edifices were fashioned and furnished on Continental principles, but one important constituent had no prototype in the regular theatres

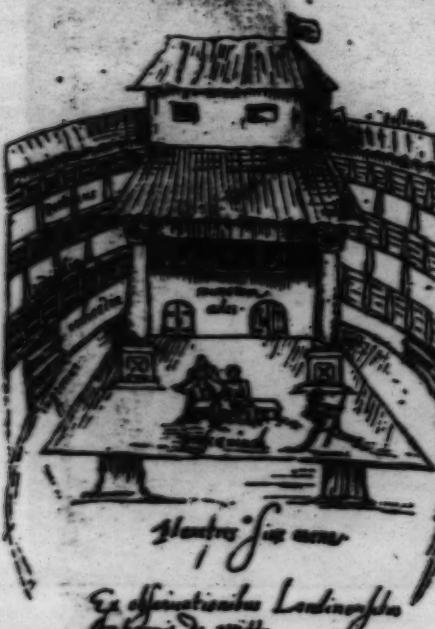
they had been accustomed to make their entrance through two permanent doors at the back, and to play all scenes representing battles and other elevated positions on a balcony situated above them. Although unfortunately offering no indication of this upper stage, Van Dyck's quaint sketch of the old Swan Theatre conveys a very clear impression of the two entering doors. Notwithstanding the grave disparity between the scenic and the non-scenic playhouse, the old routine was not completely dispensed from with the dawn of the Restoration. The theatres entering doors, routed from their primitive position by the incursion of actors, found a haven of refuge in the newly-arrived proscenium; but the hapless balcony, unlucky in its flight, was ruthlessly cut in two, and a portion of the remains placed over either door. Let all this should be adjudged fanciful, I hasten to point out that the uses to which these proscenium doors and balconies were immediately put were practically identical with the uses of the doors and upper stage in Shakespeare's time. When one considers that from 1660 to 1700 the almost invariable mode of entrance and exit was by two permanent doors, it at once becomes apparent that the proscenium entrances of the Restoration were simply the perpetuation on a scenically altered stage of a convention created and cherished in the non-scenic playhouse.



TEATRO OLIMPICO, VENEZIA.

and opera houses of France and Italy—viz., the proscenium doors with their overhanging balconies. Instituted in 1603, and holding their place until a period well-nigh within living memory, these illusion-mururing excessiveness had such a restrictive influence upon the trend of English histrionics that a full inquiry into their origin and use will not be unprofitable.

So far from the early Continental theatres affording any possible prototype, no record exists



INTERIOR OF THE SWAN THEATRE ABOUT 1660.

to show that from first to last the principle of the proscenium entering doors was ever followed save on the stage of Greater Britain. Nevertheless, at the time of the building of the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, a curious old Italian structure, the Teatro Olimpico of Vicenza, might have afforded a hint to the architect. But at least it cannot have been more than a hint, as Palladio's masterpiece was never a playhouse in the common acceptance of the term, has indeed seldom been performed in, and has invariably been looked upon in the light of a show-piece. Built in 1584 for a learned society, of which its famous designer was a distinguished member, the Teatro Olimpico is an attempted reconstruction in miniature of the ancient theatre of Marcellus at Rome. It was designed solely for the performance of classical tragedy, and, as our illustration shows, had a permanent architectural background of the old Greco-Roman order. It will be noticed that besides the three conventional entrances facing the auditorium, two smaller ones with attendant balconies ran at right angles in the wings of the solid scene. These side entrances were relics of the *Parodos* of the Greeks, lateral openings whereby the chorus originally found its way to the orchestra.

It, in constructing the old Duke's Theatre, the idea of the proscenium doors and balconies was suggested by a study of Palladio, I feel assured it was only adopted in a spirit of compromise, as a concession to the tradition-ridden players of the time, imbued as they were with the obstinate routine of the non-scenic stage. Time out of mind

in placing the entering doors in the proscenium the Restoration architects pursued a sensible course in preserving the old projecting stage, or, in other words, in appending a very liberal "apron." So indifferent was the custom of lighting that up to the middle of the eighteenth century all important action took place well to the front; if the player ever moved backward he immediately got out of "the focus." The position of the doors enabled him to spring at once upon the scene of action, and, where occasion demanded, to make a very effective "theatrical" exit.

It sounds audacious to differ with such an authority as Robert W. Lowe, but with a theory of his expounded in the monograph on "Thomas Betterton" I find myself in total disagreement. "Heroes and heroines," we are told, "went well forward to speak their greatest speeches, and when they died they died 'down' the stage, and their bodies remained in full view of the audience after the curtains had closed on the proscenium opening, until the 'beavers' came in through the doors of entrance and carried them off." Although the old device of the beavers (necessitated in Elizabethan times by the absence of a front curtain) was still followed, no evidence exists to show that the mimic dead were ever allowed to remain on the forward of the stage after the falling of the curtain. Apparently assuming that Restoration epilogues were spoken after the curtain had gone down, Mr. Lowe doubtless has been misled by the famous epilogue to *Timon of Athens* (1609), in which Nell Gwyn, who had just stabbed herself as Valeria and so brought the play to a close, suddenly bounces up and hence the curse of the beavers who come in to carry her off, intimating, as if they had blundered, that here is the right to make personal address to the audience. But that the curtain did not fall until the extrinsic appeal had been spoken is clearly shown in Dryden's epilogue to *Sir Martin Mar-all* (1667):

"As country vicars, when the sermon's done  
Run bidding to the benediction;

"Well knowing, though the better sort may stay,



DORSET GARDEN THEATRE PROSCENIUM.

The vulgar root will run unshamed away;  
So we, when once our play is done, make haste  
With a short epilogue to close your tales.  
In this withdrawing, we come suddenly;  
But, when the curtain's drawn, we go; and are  
A jury of the wits, who still stay late.

And in their withdrawn the poor play's a bane."

The partial pictorial record of the interior of a Restoration picture house is not earlier than the year 1673, but the popular and employment of the proscenium doors and balconies for a decade previously are authentically indicated in a number of contemporary stage directions. That the doors were utilized at the Duke's Theatre in Covent Garden, Lincoln's Inn Fields,

the later dramatics of the seventeenth century out of the stereotyped arrangement of three doors and balconies. Continental advantage was taken of the fact that the entries from the yard stood in front of the curtain, and consequently a convention "apron." When the Duke of Buckingham, in writing his famous satire, *The Duke's Entertainment* (1673), in a present allusion involved in *Shakespeare* and *Marlowe* mentioned in place of a similar nature. At the beginning of the fifth act, the Duke's Theatre and the Duke's picture house were on the stage before the raising of the curtain. Judging by the distinction of the Duke in *Shakespeare's comedy*, *The Winter's Tale*, as originally presented at Drury Lane in

STAGE OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE IN 1673.  
From a rare broadside entitled "Fit-Playe: a New English Upset," 1673.

In 1661, is plainly shown by an instruction in the Second Part of *The Siege of Rhodes* (Act I, Scene 1): "A prospect of Rhodes besieg'd by sea and land. Alphonse goes off; then enter Lante and her two women by the other door." Similarly, in *Shakespeare's comedy*, *The Winter's Tale* (Act II, Scene 1), performed at the same house a few years later, we have the direction, "The women go out, and go behind the screen to the other door." That is, they departed by one proscenium door, and after traversing the back of the stage, entered again by the other.

The employment of permanent stage balconies at all times when the English theatre was embellished with a pictorial background seems rather incongruous, but despite the clashing of systems the convention had its advantages. Their convenient position over the entering doors obviated the necessity for elaborate built-up work in the backgrounds, and enabled many important scenes to be played in the comparatively strong light shed upon the "apron," that otherwise would

1692, there must have been sufficient stage room in front of the curtain at that house for a considerable number of players. At any rate, the opening scene in the comedy was played on the apron before the curtain went up. It represented "The Outward Room to the Musick-meeting," and there the servants assembled to exchange confidences; after which "the curtain drawn up shews the company at the musick-meeting." In case it should be argued that by the word "curtain" Southerne here refers to a drop-scene, it is better to point out that "dais" and not "drops" were the kind of scenes then employed; and, furthermore, that Southerne's general method of signifying a change was by a direction that the "scene open" or "drawn."

The earliest pictorial record of the proscenium doors and balconies is presented by the cut of the dungeon scene in *Shakespeare's Merchant of Morocco* (1673), a piece of sensational fiction produced at that magnificent new house, the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Gardens. Here, as our reproduction shows, the proscenium entrances were not



INTERIOR OF DRURY LANE, 1694-1711.

have had to be relegated to obscurer places. In carrying forward the Elizabethan-Stuart traditions of the upper platform, the stage balconies of the Restoration suggested a betterment of the original device, as it was soon found they permitted of a representation of opposite houses in a street. They were so employed in the fifth act of *Sir Martin Mar-all*, when Dryden's play saw the light at the Duke's Theatre in 1697. But the balconies were most frequently pressed into service in comedies of intrigue in the houses where some one in the street. A typical example occurs in the third act of *Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors*, which date from 1662. Custom so far habilitated players to the expedient that scenic balconies or other elevations forming part of the actual background were very slow in making their appearance. So late as the year 1708 the proscenium balconies were still utilized for stage purposes, and they maintained their pride of place—a sort of vermiform appendix, so to speak, of the body theatre—long after they had ceased to be employed by the players. From an early period of their history it seems to have been customary, when pieces were performed not calling for their use, to permit spectators to occupy the stage balconies. Hence the allusion in *Davenant's epilogue to The Man's the Master* (1669):

"Nay, often you swear, when places are shown ye  
That your hearing is thick,  
And so by a love trick,  
You pass through our scenes up to the balcony."

There can be little doubt that the establishment and acceptance of these quaint conventionalities were largely due to the excellent capital made by

so much doorways as lofty arches; this, and their repose from the background, militated against the importation of that discordance which marked the employment of the common-place doors of a later era. It will be noted that bordering the entering places and their attendant balconies at the new house was a beautiful carved framework of fruit and flowers, the work of the unrivaled Gibbons.

Shakespeare's old play conveys to us the hint that already some slight deviation from the old method of entering had set in. The leading players still came on at the front, and elaborate processions continued to pass from door to door, but cavalcades and processions generally made their appearance in the regions of semi-darkness at the back. This was pre-eminently their reign of vantage, as the other characters usually grouped themselves upon the "apron." corroborative evidence regarding this new departure, which made for illusion, is afforded at Dryden's *Tragedy of Alcidades*, produced at Drury Lane in 1675.

That the action was still performed well to the front, and outside the picture, so to speak, is shown by the direction in Dryden's *Troilus and Cressida* (1677), Act V, Scene II, "The Camp": "Clattering of swords at both doors; he runs each way, and meets the noise." Dryden's use of the word "doors" here in connection with a play performed at Dorset Gardens would incline one to the belief that the dungeon cut in *The Merchant of Morocco* was not photographically accurate. It may be that the Duke's Theatre was a few feet high in the matter of projections offering places; it is equally certain that the houses which immediately preceded it as well as those

which immediately followed, were content with simple doors. Hence, when reading plays of the Dryden period, it may be generally assumed that where instructions occur of doors being locked, or broken in, or knocked at, the allusion is to one of the permanent doors, and not to a door in the actual scene.

Although we have no pictorial record of the interior of the new theatre in Drury Lane, opened to the public in March, 1791, it may be surmised from existing evidence that the number of entering doors employed there was, as of yore, two. Dryden's *All for Love*; or, *The World Well Lost*, was produced at this house in 1697. In Act III, Scene 1, occurs the significant direction: "At one door enter Cleopatra, Charon, Iris, and Alcesta, a train of Egyptians; at the other, Antony and Romeo. The entrances on both sides are provided by myself."

About the year 1699 Christopher Rich, the potter, made some alterations in Old Drury with the view of enlarging the auditorium, and to the changes thus brought about Colley Cibber has striking, if somewhat ambiguous, reference in the twelfth chapter of his "Apology." "It must be observed, then," he writes, "that the area or platform of the old stage projected about four feet forward, in a semi-oval figure, parallel to the benches of the pit; and that the former lower doors of entrances for the actors were brought down between the two foremost (and then only) pillars, in the place of which doors now the two stage boxes are fixed. That where the doors of entrance now are, there formerly stood two additional side wings, in front to a full set of scenes, which had then almost a double effect in their loveliness and magnificence."

"By this original form the usual station of the actors in almost every scene was advanced at least ten feet nearer to the audience than they now can be, because, not only from the stage being shortened in front, but likewise from the additional interpolation of stage boxes,

the actors (in respect to the spectators that fill them) are kept so much more backward from the main audience than they used to be; but when the actors were in possession of that forwarder space to advance upon the voice was then more in the centre of the house, so that the most distant ear had scarce the least doubt or difficulty in hearing what fell from the weakest utterance; all objects were thus drawn nearer to the scene; every painted scene was stronger, every grand scene and dance more extended; every rich or fine-colored habit had a more lively lustre; nor was the minutest motion of a feature (properly changing with the passion or humor it suited) ever lost, as they frequently must be in the obscurity of too great a distance—and how valuable an advantage the facility of hearing distinctly is to every well-set scene every common spectator is a judge."

Mixed by Cibber's clumsy phrasing in the first part of this extract, Robert W. Lowe has argued, both in his "Thomas Betterton" and elsewhere, that the Restoration Theatre had no fewer than four entering doors, that up to the year 1700 the whole four were in front of the curtain, and that subsequently two were in front of, and two behind, the proscenium. Mr. Lowe assumes that old Colley in referring to "the former lower doors of entrances" contrasts them with some unmentioned "upper" doors, but it seems to me that the word "lower" is merely used here to convey to the lay mind the exact locality of the entrances. That is the only possible interpretation of the passage, as the superstructure built by Mr. Lowe upon his reading has unstable basis. To accept the theory that the earliest scenically-equipped theatres in England had four proscenium entering doors would be to disallow the continuance of the old Elizabethan convention. Whence then their origin? The Continent afforded no prototype. At no time can there have been any practical utility for so many as four front entering doors; while as for the theory that in the reign of Anne two of the doors were behind the proscenium, surely entrance there "by the wing" would have not all accommodation. Moreover, the whole weight of evidence, both literary and pictorial, favors the two-door theory. If there were four proscenium entrances at Drury Lane before 1700 it is strange that no allusion to their specific utility exists. The stage directions in all the printed plays produced at that house before the dawn of the eighteenth century treat distinctly of two doors. Here are a couple of examples from Dryden. In the third act of *Don Sebastian* (1696) occurs the di-

rect in King Arthur (1691). Act III is held in "a deep wood," and in it we find the instruction: "Enter Arthur and Merlin at one door, enter Oswald at the other door."

One can better appreciate Colley Cibber's plaint regarding the ill-effect on the acting at old Drury produced by the shrinkage of the "apron" by bearing in mind the defective lighting of the period. All the same, the change was a step toward illusion; it brought actors and background

bones on the stage between the auditorium and the entering doors was quickly taken up. Scenic illusion was still so far ill-considered that from 1732 for half a century onward two grenadiers were permitted to stand nightly between the stage boxes and the entering doors, ostensibly to preserve order. On first-nights the said doors afforded convenient shelter for the trembling author as he awaited the verdict on his play. Hence Lewis Theobald's allusion to the type:

doors to be found in use in provincial towns, Inns and sunni, in Dublin, Edinburgh, Birmingham, and in private theatres like Lord Barrymore's at Wargrave on Thames; they crossed the Atlantic, were seen in New York at the John Street Theatre in 1767, and half a century later still maintained their position in all the leading American playhouses.

Firm-rooted, however, as was the convention, signs of revolt began to appear. The permanent doors frequently outraged all sense of illusion, and the new movement toward artistic realism was slowly gathering force. The first inkling of its power occurred at Drury Lane in September, 1780, when the doors were taken away, and extra stage boxes put in their place. But the tradition-ridden actors of the time failed to reconcile themselves to the new conditions, and the beloved doors had perforce to be brought back. In October, 1782, Covent Garden made a half-hearted attempt at reform; extra boxes were placed on the stage and the entering doors removed behind the curtain. Once more the players proved recalcitrant, with the result that when the house was reconstructed in 1792 it was provided with a deeper "apron," the extra boxes were removed and the doors brought back to their old place. That is to say, they were enclosed between the Corinthian pillars and columns of the proscenium. A few years later they looked very spick and span in their garment of white and gold.

When Drury Lane was rebuilt in 1798 the stage boxes were still retained on the spacious apron, but the edict against the offending proscenium entrances remained in force. Such, however, was the injurious influence of the reactionary attitude of Covent Garden that in 1797 the old convention was re-established at the Lane. Trusting in the changes then made, *The Monthly Mirror* says: "There is a stage-door on each side, forming a segment of a circle, and over these doors are two tiers of boxes. The

effect of this addition is a contraction of the width of the stage, and an additional space behind the scenes, which gives more facility to the movement of the scenery."

As yet Drury Lane was the only English play house that had essayed to banish the old doors. But it should be noted that the cause was aided by the building in London of opera houses purely on Italian principles; notably the King's Theatre, erected by Novello in 1790, and a little later the Pantheon. Foreign singers delighted in a projecting stage, but their method of entry, as of exit, was "at the wing." Hence it will be observed in looking at the view of the later Pantheon, now reproduced, that the position usually occupied by the stage-doors was occupied there by a double set of proscenium boxes, an innovation from Milan.

At the beginning of the last century proscenium doors began to be provided with knockers, bells and handles, so that illusion might be aided when the action required that doors should be knocked at, or street bells rung. But in many cases these additions only made the incongruity of the device all the more glaring. How far Great Britain was behind hand in the race is shown by the remarks in 1807 of an anonymous observer. "In England," he writes, "there is hardly ever a central door contrived in the flat which closes the scene. Whatever be the performance, and whenever be the personages, they all either walk in and out at the permanent doors, which form part of the proscenium, or they slide in and out between the intervals of the wings, which are generally intended to represent a solid coloring wall." And yet France at this period had all the doors in a scene demanded by the exigencies!

Now that the art of English historians was ceasing to be rhetorical, an attempt was made to keep the actors more within the picture. On the opening of the new theatre in Drury Lane in 1812, it was found that the apron had been abbreviated, the proscenium doors taken away, and the curtain placed in a gilded frame, remote from the footlights. Grumblings loud and deep were heard among the players, and, at last, Old Dowton, more sturdy than the rest, stepped over the picture frame and resumed the traditional position. Admirers of *The Rejected Address* will recall to mind that in the opposition address assigned to Dr. Johnson's Ghost the lexicographer's

VIEW OF THE PANTHEON, 1815.



into closer conjunction, and gave to the whole a certain aloofness. Under the altered conditions it would have been impossible to utilize Wren's old house in the way that the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Gardens was pressed into service in 1701. "Ty'd by the Bars at our Side-door he stands / Fearing of hissing breath, or clapping hands."

That there was too often necessity in those turbulent days for the presence of stage grenadier is shown by our reproduction of a rare old



DE BURSON'S NEW STAGE FRONT OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

On the occasion of the performance there of broadside, entitled *Fitiggo*, commemorating a riot at Covent Garden on Feb. 24, 1782. This interesting record gives a clear idea of the enormous acting space in front of the curtain, and the relative position of the two entering doors, and the view-obstructing nature of the clumsy method of stage lighting. At first blush, the proscenium doors with their accompanying balconies, appear to occupy neutral territory between auditorium and scenery; but close scrutiny shows—what an examination of later views of theatrical interiors confirms—that they were part of the architectural scheme of the auditorium, and harmonized with its symmetrical disposition. Hence, at both Covent Garden and Drury Lane at this period, there were two boxes above each door, but the upper ones were small and merely for ornament, like the gallery box in a latter-day house.

The "Fitiggo" picture also shows that the privilege now and again accorded to certain members of the audience in Daventry's time, of frequenting the boxes above the entering doors, had grown into a custom. But these boxes of the old Elizabethan stage balcony were still pressed into service in the course of performance, and those who sat there took all risks of discomfiture. Writes Tate Wilkinson in his "Memoirs": "Whenever a Don Choleric in *The Pop's Fortune*, or Sir Amorous Vainwit in *A Woman's Riddle*, or Sir Charles in *The Busybody*, tried to find out secrets, or plot an escape from a balcony, they always bowed and thrust themselves into the boxes over the stage-door, amid the company, who were greatly disturbed, and obliged to give up their seats."

Long before the close of the eighteenth century the routines followed in London had extended itself to the uttermost limits of the English-speaking stage. Not only were the proscenium

VIEW AT OLD SADLER'S WELLS.  
(Joe Grimaldi's debut into the pit.)

reaction: "She runs off, he follows her to the door; then comes back again and goes out at the other." The scene was "The Muffin's Garden." Again



A TYPICAL OLD ENGLISH COUNTRY THEATRE (THE KING AND THE PLAYER.)

shade was made to express itself thus regarding the alteration: "Permanent stage-doors we have none. That which is permanent cannot be re-

## INTRODUCTION THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

moved; for, if removed, it soon ceases to be permanent. What stationary absurdity can vie with that lignous barricade which, decorated with frappant and tintinnabulant appendages, now serves as the entrance of the lowly cottage, and now as the exit of a lady's boudoir—at one time insinuating plastic harlequin into a butcher's shop, and at another yawning as a floodgate, to precipitate the Cyprians of St. Giles' into the em-

When the doors were finally banished from Drury Lane in October, 1822, the death-bell of the old convention was rung in an occasional address, written by George Colman and spoken by Terry:

"Look round and judge: his [the manager's] efforts are all waste  
Unless you stamp them as a work of taste;  
Nor blame him for transporting from the floors

The safety pin is the banisher's badge of infamy.

When is an actor not an actor? When he is asleep.

For a kiss to be of any value it should be long enough for the kiss to realize what they are doing.

If we give few sips on the back we receive few sips in the face.

Better a short "fat" part than a long lean one.

A man should not sew too well. It is liable to change his voice.

To purify the modern drama, purify the modern audience.

What a blessing if the chronic hiccups would only kick themselves to death.

Familiarity breeds contempt.

Hunt for trouble, and you'll always find it.

The atmosphere of the play depends largely on the atmosphere of the dressing-room.

Conscience is our mortal pollux, and is most formidable when carrying a night stick.

We won't need an umbrella on "the rainy day" if we arrange for the shower to be golden.

Because a woman is a wearer of sky "blue stockings," it does not necessarily prove that her thoughts are always heavenly.

Cause and effect: Cocktail drinking—promiscuous kissing.

As thumb lines no women—no two of them are alike.

The best night cap—a pipe.

ENROL DUNBAR.



Photo Krip, Philadelph.

DAVID R. YOUNG.

### ABOUT BOOK MADE PLAYS.

The large circulation of a popular novel is not always an assuring fact that when turned into play form it will be as successful in its stage version as in the book. We have only to look over the number of book made plays that recently have been tried and many of which have already failed, to verify this statement.

The reasons of the failures are many, and the adapter is not always to blame, as is often thought. In a book the author has recourse to "padding" and flowery description to assist him, all of which must be dispensed with in the stage version of the story.

In the play proper it is action, strong situations and clever dialogue that, apart from the story proper, must be the means for securing the popular success of the play, and hence the adapter must often dispense with beautiful descriptive passages in order to gain the active element which he is seeking in the play.

Authors of books do not seem to understand this, and so hedge the adapter within the narrow circle of his story. Often it is next to impossible to make the story interesting and logical and not war with the author and his sacred rights, and by being confined by the author many dramatizations are failures simply because audience loss interest in the play before the vital moment arrives. But notwithstanding these facts we hear from day to day of such and such a book being turned into play form on the strength of its seeming popularity. It is a noteworthy fact that while many books have been thus made into plays, very few plays do we see made into novel form.

I can recall but few instances. *D'Arcy* of the Guards is one, a pretty story in the book, which, I believe, was taken from the play, but found failure the first production of the play in New France. Another play whose story later appeared in book form is *If I Were King*. The book, however, does credit justice to its author. In these two instances, both recent metropolitan successes, the old story has been repeated, "the

play's the thing," and with these in mind it is small wonder that so few plays are made into reading form. Times are changing, however, and we may yet see a reversal in the present methods of books and plays, and have the pleasure of reading in book form the play proper embossed with the descriptive explanations which must necessarily take the place of the stage technique.

EDWIN T. EMBRY.

### ALONE.

If I should die to-night,  
Ambition's wheel stop grinding at my heart,  
My brow laid bare with only furrows time hath wrought,  
Would there be one damp eye  
To follow to my solitary confinement's slings?  
Would there be one kind friend  
To close the silent eyes  
And leave an imprint on the still, cold lips?  
Would Spring's sweet flowers  
Upon the silent mound  
Nourished by nephry, be found,  
Nestling above me in their soft whispering breath,  
Keeping watch with me in death?

ZENAIE VISCARIA WILLIAMS.

### HIS REASON.

Playwright: "Why don't you pay royalties on the plays you use?"  
Printer: "Being a Republican I'm opposed to royalties."  
NOT THAT KIND.

Tragedian: "I can't eat this bread, my dear. It's like lead."  
Wife: "Why, John, I thought you liked heavy rolls."



Photo Marcus, N. Y.

VALERIUS DRYANDER.

Photo Society, N. Y.

EDNA ARCHER CRAWFORD.

house of Macbeth. To stile this glaring absurdity, to give to each respective mansion the door which the carpenter would doubtless have given, we vary our portal with the varying scene, passing from deal to mahogany, and from mahogany to oak, as the opposite claims of cottage, palace, or castle may appear to require."

The reform to have been permanent demanded other improvements that unfortunately could not be made. One can sympathize with men like Dooley, who desired to be men, when one remembers that so late as the year 1817 the lighting was so bad that on a particular night at Cov-

These old offenders have—the two stage-doors;  
Doors which have oft with burnish'd panels  
steel,  
And golden knobs glittering in a wood,  
Which on their posts, through every change re-  
main'd  
Fast as Siray's Vicar, whosoever reign'd;  
That served for palace, cottage, street or hall;  
Used for each place, and out of place in all;  
Station'd like watchmen who in lamplight sit,  
For all their business of the night shift."

Banished for good from the two patent theatres, the time-honored tradition of the entering doors still had its devotees in the minor houses. The Olympic clung stubbornly to the old faith until 1831, and more than twenty years later it was even in contemplation to restore the doors at the Royal Standard. They lingered longest at Sadler's Wells, where they survived the theatrical glories of Islington, and were to be seen as late as the Bateman régime. For long, however, they were but as silent testimonies of a creed outworn; even in Phelps' time they were seldom used save when a performer was "called," or when the manager came out to deliver an address.

WILLIAM J. LAWRENCE.

### PIPE THOUGHTS.

In sunshine and in rain,  
In pleasure and in pain,  
Congenial friends are we,  
My pipe and I.  
In every loss and gain,  
When life is on the wane,  
May we never parted be,  
My pipe and I.

Be healthy and you'll be good.  
A love warmed over is never tender.  
He who hesitates—stammers.  
A bad actor is guilty of obtaining audiences under false pretences.

Paint diamond never won fair lady.  
The best way to swim—act like a fish.  
Loyalty and congeniality are the strongest ties of friendship or love.

Your "uncle's" motto: *In hoc signo vinces*.  
A willing kiss is the key to the fortress.  
If mirrors should tell their reflections we should have to enlarge our skeleton closets.

If love is blind, passion is blinder.  
Walk through life as you please, so long as you avoid other people's toes.

If silence is golden, how rich the Sphinx must be.

Women can act better than men on and off the stage.

The higher the high ball, the higher the high kick.

A crying need on railroad trains—crying babies.

There are as good engagements in the market as ever came out of it.

A cure for insomnia: One part, don't worry; two parts, Scotch whiskey; three parts, pipe smoke.

In life's almanac: Platonic affection—look out for trouble.

ent Garden, when a note was thrown from the pit to the stage for J. B. Booth to read, the actor had perforce to kneel at the footlights to decipher its contents. Four or five years after the opening of new Drury Lane the proscenium doors were again restored, only to be removed again in 1822.

The characteristics of that portion of Covent Garden stage which fronted the curtain are clearly depicted in De Burson's print, now reproduced. This, although issued for the delectation of toy theatre-makers, it well-nigh photographic in its accuracy. Influenced by the example of Drury Lane, the Covent Garden manager removed the doors here shown, in October, 1822, and replaced them by stage boxes.

## A LOVE TRAGEDY.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1848, I landed in New Orleans, on board, from an over for foreign land. At that time the wave of American progress had not tainted even the atmosphere with its lowering influence of that charming old city, and the usual results of its overstrained materialistic achievements were unknown. Along the "avenue"—the water front of the Second Municipality—the American division and the streets contiguous to it there were signs of the coming of the supreme quality, and now overwhelming quantity, so beautifully expressed by the verb to hustle. But as a rule the business of

great profusion of flowers which completely covered both grave and headstone.

After inspecting these my curiosity led me to the reading of the inscription, which ran thus:

ERECTED TO PRESERVE THE MEMORY  
OF ONE OF THE FAIREST BEINGS  
THAT EVER ADORNED THE EARTH.  
Born of \_\_\_\_\_ 18\_\_\_\_  
Died at \_\_\_\_\_ 18\_\_\_\_

"There is not an hour of day or dreamless night but I am with thee.

There is not a wind but whispers of thy name, And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon But in its hue of fragrance tells a tale of thee."

These manifestations of tenderness and affection marked the culmination of a tragic romance which caused the untimely taking off of one of the most beautiful of her sex, who, for a short time only, was permitted to adorn the American stage.

Her name was of a historic family, her beauty of feature and graceful bearing exceptional and impressive, and her appearance before the public was marked with the highest expression of intelligent approval. A pleasure loving public bestowed upon her their wealth of encouragement, and the future, so often fraught with unpleasant uncertainties, for her appeared to be filled with pleasurable promise.

But the unseen cloud was already hovering over her in the seemingly clear sky, and the sun had begun to appear above the horizon. And again the sad, old story of "The Man and Woman," too often repeated, came to pass. The man was as exceptional in his leading attributes as was the fair woman. In appearance he was manly and strong and showed that degree of refinement which thorough education and culture always impart. He was by habit a student, quiet in demeanor, and the completed gentleman in his intercourse with others. Now he would be ranked among the thinkers. Then he was labeled by the circle in which he moved as a "true Southern gentleman." Among his intimates he was known to possess those gentle qualities of head and heart which always go a long way in the direction of fascinating those of the other sex who happen to be blessed with like characteristics.

The domestic status of the man was, as it often is, "matched, but not mated." The woman, in the full flush of perfected sympathetic womanhood, grace and beauty, longed for the coming mate. The fates were kind and decreed a meeting between these two, who had been fashioned out of so many perfect parts by an ever generous nature. Mutual recognition and appreciation of the human attributes which fascinate was instantaneous. What led to or how came about an unfortunate happening was never known, but possibly these two congenial spirits, with a perfect knowledge of worldly consequences, elected to create a little Eden of their own without thinking of the inevitable fall.

Their life, as the story ran, in the flower garden of their hopes and joys was brief, and their fall and expulsion accompanied by that quality of sorrow which often seems to have been inflicted upon those who have dared to be happy.

After a few brief months, not running into years, the one so fair passed on to the realm of everlasting peace. The other lived on, but upon changed terms with the world. He avoided society and mused by himself—a lost personality—in the midst of human activities.

So far as known his only worldly interest was centered in the little spot of earth that held all that remained of his idol. In relation to that he observed three anniversaries—the birthday, the day of the first meeting and the day of the final separation. Upon those occasions the grave and tombstone were covered with appropriate floral offerings, signifying in flower language the sentiments they were intended to interpret. Between these period marking days the little mound to him so sacred was always adorned with these beautiful evidences of his undying devotion, telling the story of a broken heart and a life filled with sadness.

This brief narrative is only an outline sketch of a pathetic romance, which if elaborated would take rank with Romeo and Juliet, Abelard and Eloise or Paul and Virginia. Many years after this tragedy Dumas Pile wrote his pathetically dramatic story, founded upon fact, of "La Dame aux Camélias." In several minor respects his details differed from those I have endeavored to describe, but in the main both were of the same



Photo Freeman, Detroit.  
ARMAGH O'DONAHEY.

of "getting well." Toward the Spring the weather became wondrously enticing, and the walking and exploring fever set in in full force, and before the Summer heats had commenced the whole city had been inspected and mentally explored. The general aspect was found to be foreign in all its leading attributes, and not much American about the whole save in the Second Municipality. All the rest was quaint French, Spanish and Italian. And particularly as to all perceptible essentials of every-day life; speech, manner of living and habits of people. The most novel item in this aggregation of novelties were the beautiful homes of the dead, so tenderly cared for by loving relatives and friends. To them my footsteps often turned; and it was among those solemn scenes, beneath the cloudless Southern skies, breathing in the flower scented air, where came to me the full realization of the littleness and, at best, the merely brief transitory importance of humanity. I have ever since been thankful that in those early days my enlarged estimate of the value of my particular ego yielded to a convincing argument, in the nature of a shock, from which it never recovered.

It was during one of these sentimental excursions among the dead that I came upon an unpretentious grave, marked only by a simple headstone of the usual form and dimensions. But my attention was specially attracted by the

complexion, and in each the death-dealing result alike.

In the Summer of 1851 I left a hospitable, pleasure loving people, among whom I had passed by two happiest years, and did not visit it again until 1870, when I found this once so attractive old city wonderfully changed. Typical American progress had set in with all its overpowering force, vulgarizing, in its way, every general feature of a once fascinating



Photo Bushnell, San Francisco.  
RITA KNIGHT.

CHARLES DICKSON.

city. And where peace and repose had once abounded, I found only noise and that usual excited and senseless excess of movement which has become national and is at once worse than barbaric and a death-dealing nuisance.

In order to enjoy some moments of peace and to indulge a sentimental desire to visit an object in which I had taken so much interest in past days, I made for the cemetery and sought the once familiar scene, but without suc-

## THE MODERN METHOD.

The 10, 20, 30 manager sat in his palatial office and knitted his brows.

When he had worked them into a sufficiently grotesque pattern he walked nervously to the window.

He was distinctly "on edge." Suddenly he gave a cry of joy.

He had caught a glimpse of the front page of a "yellow extra," in the hands of a newsboy two blocks away.

It took but a moment to summon his press agent.

When the Trust's promoter of publicity entered the room the following conversation ensued:

"Is the printing for that new play all ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you got plenty of good photos of the people engaged?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a whole big bunch of the best kind of red-hot press stuff ready to feed to the papers?"

"Yes, sir."

"The scenery and costumes are all finished, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. The extras are out announcing that the prisoner in that murder case has been acquitted. Call the company for rehearsal to-morrow morning, and wire the manager of the



Photo Morrison, Chicago.  
ADELAIDE THURSTON.



Photo Moore, New Orleans.  
THOMAS J. GRADY.

cess. The headstone had been removed and the little mound had found its level with the earth around it. Upon inquiry I ascertained that several years before, soon after the last party to the tragedy had passed on, the near representatives, so it was believed, of both families had, by mutual consent, agreed to obliterate all existing evidence of what they regarded as the bar sinister—an unholly disfigurement of their quarterings.

"Joe" Field, father of "Kate," gentleman, actor and author, who knew the details of this sad history, said: "Here is the material for a love story tragedy equal in interest and dramatic possibilities to Romeo and Juliet." And he was right.

R. C. H.

## A NEW YEAR'S TOAST.

"Tis easy for a man to say  
To his best friend, on New Year's Day.

"May fortune ever come, your way,  
And good health all your hopes attend."

But blessed is he who joins with me

In wishing his worst enemy,—

Whoever that poor chap may be,—

All that he'd wish his friend.

GEORGE W. DAY.

opera house in New Rochelle that we open there on Monday night.

"Yes, sir, but—"

"Oh, yes. I had almost forgotten; ring up that author of ours and tell him to write the play."

## THE PIT AND THE PANTOMIME. PARISIAN THEATRES AND HOW TO SEE THEM.



CHRISTMAS night in Merrie England! Being a stranger and not feeling inclined to intrude my outside personality upon the intimate glow of the family hearth fire, to which I had been urged with kind hospitality, I tried to forget the longing for my own home cheer by going to see a Christmas pantomime. I decided that my first impression of an English pantomime should be gained from that part of the theatre which Dickens has made immortal—the Pit.

I wanted to be near those who enjoyed and applauded and to extract some pleasure from their abandon of enjoyment. So I stood in line with some hundreds of others waiting for the doors to open, and to gain, if possible, a flavor of Dickensque atmosphere—a scarce commodity nowadays.

It was an orderly crowd, too, and by no means an ordinary one. It was made up of those who find the greatest pleasure in living. It was a typical English pit audience. There were paterfamilias, with all his family, who had been in line since five o'clock. They were all happy and contented, especially after they had been refreshed with a "bit to eat," which had thoughtfully been brought along.

The pit, that old institution, will eventually disappear, but during its reign it has established itself in history. It was the opinion and apportion of the pit audience that were most delighted by the players in the olden days. Their voices depended upon its verdict. The great Kerr, who, half starved, trudged homeward through the snow after his triumphal night to his station and waiting wife, was as eager to learnt the good tidings; so choked with emotion, that all he could say was, "The pit saw at me." But it was enough. Both knew that his fame was assured and nothing at an end.

At the close of the pit, during the festival of the "Holly and mistletoe," we saw whole families, from grandpa to the newest arrival, all joyous in the thought of the fulfillment of a long anticipated pleasure.

How better could I enjoy Alice in Wonderland than in the midst of such a wholesome and happy gathering!

Alice in Wonderland, then being produced in London as a pantomime, was a success. It was a success because of the novelty of its presentation of the scenes. These they called like a paradise; but it is not. It was a stage picture, both truthful and vivid, of the fancies of childhood. There was no effort to reduce children's "wonder thoughts" to the commonness of everyday matter-of-fact probability. Here were the persons, come to life, of one of the most absorbingly interesting, the most widely read and most dearly loved of all child's stories. They talked and they walked and they acted and they were real—as real as Alice and her adventures were to us in our childhood. It was truthful—truthful in its delineation of the manifold creations of a child's boundless imagination.

So it was a success, as was proved by the merry laughter of the piping voices united with the broad smile of a pleased indulgence from the more severe. What pleasure must such a performance impart—for the child actually to see the Alice of his day dreams—the Alice who at night, too, had stolen into the dreamland thoughts!

A little English maid of twelve, the counterpart of Alice, was seated in a box near by. We look upon her pleasure and long to experience it ourselves. But the sententious of imagination has become dull with the mind's development. The all-absorbing happiness has faded; it died when we began to doubt the existence of our fairyland creation.

The play was produced with great care, and considerable ingenuity was displayed in transposing human beings into the creatures who were Alice's companions on her journey through Wonderland. The King, the Queen and the Queen of Hearts certainly looked like animated playing-cards. Humpty-Dumpty, too, sat on a wall and got a great fall. And how the children and grown folks "laughed to see the show." The Mad Hatter was mad; and the March Hare was there. The Cheshire Cat, who walked on all fours, looking astonishingly like our purring feline companion. The Carpenter, too, with his friend, the Walrus, who told him that the time had never come.

"To talk of many things,  
Of ships and shores and sealing wax  
And cabbages and kings."

When I came out of the theatre again into the cold and snow, and the unfamiliarity of the streets, I carried within me a glow that made me forget I was an alien. I had enjoyed with this happy, pulsing crowd; I had laughed and thrilled with them, and the one touch of nature had made us kin.

JAMES YOUNG.

## TOUT A TOI.

Roses, and dreams, and morning light  
Glowed around us, when hand in hand,  
Laughing voices 'neath skies of blue,  
We walked in the sunshine—  
I and you—

And Spring-time was o'er the land.

North-wind and winter; a snowy sky  
Chills and endles the days that are;  
Laughter oftens ends in a sigh  
Still Love leads us onward—  
You and I—

And Winter is kept afar.

ELEANOR MERRON.

## TIMELY.

Brown: "During those long waits between the acts last night your coal dealer friend seemed to grow extremely restless."

Jackson: "Yes, he's only accustomed to short weights."

## HER SPECIALTY.

Madison: "Miss Highfield's dance had quite a hit."

McCormick: "Well, her specialty is kicking."

It is probable that not less than forty thousand Americans visited Paris last summer—that at least as many will visit it next summer. Of this number, ten per cent., perhaps, are of the happy few to whom money is no object; when they wish to go to the theatre in Paris, all they have to do is to tell the interpreter of their hotel to provide good seats; the seats will be forthcoming—charged on the bill at double their value.

This is delightfully easy for the ten per cent., but is more than difficult—impossible—for the ninety per cent. to whom a visit to Paris is a luxury that can come but once or twice in a lifetime. These may find useful a few words of advice as to the peculiarities of Parisian theatres, and the devious ways of the natives that live upon foreigners.

If you want to see the theatres at their best, you must go certainly not later than the 1st of July, for the Opéra Comique and the Opéra close about that date, and many artists of the Comédie Française go on their vacation. Your only chance to see performances at the first two theatres mentioned, after July 1, is on Bastille Day, July 14, when all the subscription theatres give free performances. Formerly, to obtain admission to one of these, it was necessary to stand in line hours before the doors opened; but of recent years the Parisian crowds have failed in going to the country on the 14th, as ours do on the 4th, and the attendance at the theatres has fallen off correspondingly. This year I went to the Opéra performance half an hour late, and had no trouble in finding a fairly good seat.

If you have no knowledge of French, it would be a waste of time for you to go anywhere except to the Opéra—where seeing the house is more than hearing the music—or to one of the spectacle theatres, such as the Marigny in the Champs Elysées. If you have even a good reading knowledge of French, you will find that the spoken language of the stage is almost unintelligible to you, unless you know the play. Modern plays, then, such as *Le Paix* and *La Mouette de Prola*, given at the Francaise this summer, should be avoided, and your attention should be concentrated on some Molière, Dumas, or Slegier play, with which you can familiarize yourself beforehand. This done, you may derive great pleasure from the finish, variety and precision of French acting.

In order to secure a good seat, the first thing, of course, is to find the box-offices (bureaux de location). There is always one of these in the front of the theatre, and to the theatre the purchaser should betake himself, avoiding the two Bureaux de Location near the Opéra, where no seats for any theatre may be procured, it is true, but at an extortionate advance upon the price at the door. Accustomed as he is to a box-office open from nine in the morning till ten at night, the first mistake an American is liable to make is that of going to the bureaux too early or too late, only to find it closed. The French box-office does not open until eleven; it closes at six and does not re-open until half an hour before the performance, which generally begins at half-past eight.

Every well-conducted theatre has a tariff of prices and a plan of the house conspicuously posted in the lobby. These should be carefully committed before purchasing tickets, as there is a bewildering variety of prices of admission—ten or twelve at the Comédie Française, if I remember correctly—and many of the terms used to describe seats have no convenient equivalents in American theatrical parlance.

The accompanying plan of the (reconstructed) Théâtre Francaise may be taken as typical. In describing, I begin at the bottom of the plan and go up, giving the American synonym, as succinctly as possible, immediately after the French term.

*Posteille d'Orchestre:* Parquet or orchestra chairs. This, considered with us the best part of the house, is not commonly so held by the French. They are right, for at least half the seats are below the level of the stage, the spectator looks up at the actor instead of down, and the lights and shadows are all inverted. Price, 10 francs (82).

*Porte:* Benches in rear of orchestra chairs. These are the best seats in the house for the price—24 francs—but they cannot be purchased until eight o'clock on the evening of the performance.

*Bagnoles de Face:* Boxes facing stage, rear of parquet.

*Bagnoles de Côté:* Side boxes of the parquet.

The *bagnoles* at the Francaise have wooden grills in front, which can be lowered at will.

*Posteille de Balcon:* Dress circle or first balcony, chairs.

*Premières Loges:* Boxes in rear of dress circle or balcony.

*Loges du 2me Rang de Face:* Second balcony, front boxes.

*Loges du 2me Rang de Côté:* Second balcony.

side boxes. Notice that this balcony is all boxes. *Posteille de la Galerie du 2me Rang:* Third balcony, chairs. (Boxes, on sides of this balcony.) These chairs at the Francaise cost 5 francs.

*Sous Galerie:* (Fourth) gallery (front rows).

*Amphithéâtre:* (Fourth) gallery (rear rows).

Looking now at the extreme right and left of the plan, we have the *Avant Scène:* Stage boxes—the worst place in the house.

There! When you've mastered that, and not till then, do you know where to go in a French theatre and get your money's worth?

In passing, one may remark that in theatre construction they don't "know everything down in Paris," for this very Théâtre Francaise, supposedly the first theatre in the world, has some glaring defects, to wit:

*First:* Its absurd stage-boxes.

*Second:* Its immense height, removing the spectators in the third balcony and gallery so far from the stage that they cannot see the play of feature and delicacy of gesture which are essential to properly rendered comedy.

*Third:* Its cramped and unimpressive foyer.

*Fourth:* Its crowding of boxes into space that should be reserved for exits.

*Fifth:* Its ugly exterior, which should have been rebuilt when the interior was recently reconstructed. Its antiquity is the only argument I have ever heard in favor of retaining the stolid Western facade, and it is hard for a foreigner to see that because a thing was ugly in the eighteenth century it should be allowed to remain so in the twentieth.

The tip, or rather the squeeze, system is rampant in France, and nowhere does it higher rear its odious head than in the theatre. In your progress from entrance-door to seat you are met by three forms of this nuisance, two of which will vanish if boldly faced, but the third remains a real obstacle to your enjoyment of the play until charmed away by a silver spell. First, a dubious damsel of uncertain age is greatly desirous

## SHAKESPEARE IN HELL.

AN IRISH BARD.

I had a dream, a blessed dream,  
That filled my sleep with flight.

I went unto the theatre.

And whilst in mortal sight:

For there I saw my blessed friend,

Hamlet in Invasion Midway.

Great Shakespeare's master-play.

From Hamlet down to every boy,

With self-conceit.

Both self-conceit.

His neighbor to extort:

And when at last the curtain fell—

Upon the seal tray,

Actors and audience—one and all—

From earth had passed away!

Each one had died, since good seats,

For very lack of life—

The one to see such have time,

The rest from goutish.

Oh, bitter fate, to thus lose life

And pass from earth away,

And all because I've witnessed

The murder of a play.

But as I wistfully upward flight

And passed St. Peter's gate,

A happy thought relieved my gloom

And overcame my sad fate.

Shakespeare was dead, and so was I—

Why should we then not meet?

And if we did—why then for me

Death's bitterness were sweet!

To see his face, to grasp his hand,

With him to forever hold—

I'd even cast him down below

And leave the Heavenly fold!

And so no sooner was I cast

Within the golden gate

Than I set out upon my quest

At an electric race,

And scanned each face I met upon

These famous golden ways,

Until the angels grew incensed

At my too searching gaze:

And she—a politician once,

A heavenly "upper" now—

Tripped me and nabbed me as I fell,

Debanding—"What's the row?"

Like earthly mortals in such plight

I made most of my ill,

And said, I'd "tip" him as on earth,

To find "immortal Bill."

At this he smiled—as they do there,

Not as they "smile" on earth—

And said if I would follow him

I'd get my tip's full worth.

I followed to the gates of Hell,

Where all the Amateurs of earth,

Who always came to Hell,

Were doomed to act, and act his plays

Until they played them well!

Also, also, immortal Bard,

That such should be thy state!

And thou, oh, erring mortal, shun

An amateur's dread fate.

For not alone just punishment

Is meted out to you,

But him you think to honor

Through you is punished, too.

SHUFF WILLIAMS.

THE M.D. WAS WRONG.

The Doctor: "What you need is more exercise. You ought to take long walks every day. By the way, what is your business?"

The Tragedie: "I have been barnstorming for thirty-seven years."

## A TERRIBLE BLOW.

Manager Isaacstein: "Vy so gloomy, Jacob?"

Manager Blumenberg: "I'm worrying about boy of mine, little Jakey."

Manager Isaacstein: "Vof's de mudder—in he siegh?"



Photo Winter, Syracuse.  
WALTER McCULLOUGH.



Photo Richards.  
BELLE GOLD AND MARGARET MAEDER.



Photo Baker, Columbus.  
MARION RUSSELL.



Photo Sands and Brady, Providence.  
CORLISS GILEE.



Photo Stoy, Brooklyn.  
LITTLE CORA QUINTEN.



WINIFRED GREENWOOD.



Photo Paley, N. Y.  
HARRY AND SADIE FIELDS.



Photo Sands and Brady, Providence.  
HELAINE HADLEY.



Photo Marcus, N. Y.  
DANIEL SULLY.



Photo Lipp Studio, Philadelphia.  
HUGH STANTON.



Photo Schloss, N. Y.  
AUGUSTA TRUE.



Photo Downing, Xenia, O.  
CHARLES BALSAR.



Photo Kochue, Chicago.  
WILLIAM OWEN.

## TEATRO MULBERRIA



SIGNOR RONCONI, THE ITALIAN ACTOR, AS HAMLET.

"Mr. Bessemer is too busy to see you," said the private secretary. "He doesn't take any stock in this Endowed National Theatre idea anyway."

The reporter moved a step further into the moonlit hallway out of the wind and rain, and pursued:

"Neither do I. In my opinion it is a fool scheme entirely. Personally, I know of nothing that could interest me less. But here is the point: Mr. Bessemer laid the corner-stone of the new Art and Literature Institute last week, and

crumpled paper. The crumpled paper was the detailed interrogation which Arne had written out to be submitted to Mr. Bessemer, 'had on His margin the philanthropist had penciled:

"Endowed theatre in U. S. an impossibility."

II.

Arne went back to the office with another failure to his discredit. He wrote "on space," and sometimes felt as if he were helplessly adrift in it.

However, a memorandum on his desk calendar reminded him that he had a second assignment, for the evening. On this same calendar leaf, by the way, adjoining the day and date line, were the printed words, "Last Quarter"—referring to the moon's phase. Somewhat, at the moment they appeared to Arne like a flippant allusion to his own financial condition.

"Never say die! If this *unica rappresentazione* to-night at Little Italy's temple of the drama, the Teatro Mulberry, don't meet with an untimely frost, it ought to be worth a column. Count that day lost, whose early morning sun has nothing in Arne's—not even a pun."

III.

An irregular open space with winding asphalt walks, slender sapling trees and patches of green turf, surrounded by dingy, ill-arranged buildings and crooked streets, swarming with dusky, idle people—brigandish-looking men in velvet jackets lounging in loggias and smoking long Tuscan cigars, women with massive gold earrings and orange and magenta headresses: rows of pushcarts laden with fruits and merchandise, flowers, field herbs and garden truck in variegated heaps: stacks of bread, sausages, cheese, tubs of olives, clusters of chianti flasks and strings of garlic hanging about cavernous doorways: squawking parrots in cages, strange scents and sounds in the air, music, laughter, maledictions, vendors' cries, children's prattle and old crones' magpie gossip, Italian names and dialects on signs and walls everywhere and in the people's mouths—all things mellowed, dissolved, fused and mingled together in the red gold of summer's evening afterglow, dewy from the passed-off rain, domed by a deepening indigo sky through which one or two large stars glittered, intense and rosy-pale—all this, all this, was not Naples, but just a bit of cosmopolite Manhattan, a stone's throw from Broadway.

It was Little Italy of the Five Points and Mulberry Bend.

An occasional carriage, even an automobile, touching at the queer, blue-fronted building with the illuminated sign, TEATRO, and groups of well-dressed, out-of-place looking persons entering therein, bespoile the extraordinary.

In fact, grimy posters, printed in the blackest display type of the neighboring Baxter Street stamparia, announced Signor A. Roncone's grand special performance of "Amleto, Principe di Danimarca," under the patronage of molti Americani. All the world wondered.

Arne, who enjoyed the personal acquaintance of the exotic tragedian, met him on the sidewalk and was welcomed with effusive greeting.

"Ah, Mista Arne, buona for you!"

Signor Roncone spoke Italian and French with academic precision, but his English was of the Bowery. His appreciation of press notices was naïf and sincere, though exaggerated.

"Well, you've got the swell mob with you this time," said the newspaper man, as the actor politely handed him a Virginia, such as he himself was puffing luxuriously.

"Sure!" responded Roncone. "I'll make good, too, an' don't you forget it. Come see me after the show."

The show turned out to be, as Arne duly reported it in his paper next morning, a truly notable performance of Hamlet. It was also the triumph of Signor Roncone's life. Still young, of noble appearance and chivalrous mien, graceful in action, statuesque in pose, declaiming with beautifully modulated voice the sonorous lines of Gargano's verse-translation of Shakespeare, this artist-exile achieved an impersonation of

such distinction as lifted it far above the squallid stage-setting and pitifully inadequate support.

Roncone's pretty wife, billed as Signora Rosetta Sommers, played a kind of Sicilian Ophelia, which satisfied the critical Italian three-fourths of the audience and brought handsome floral tributes from the other fourth, consisting of the smart American contingent, who had patronized the affair at first in fun, finally in earnest. All fraternized in the wave of enthusiasm that followed in the wake of Amleto's impersonation scenes.

It was as good as attested, then and there, that in the near future Roncone, still under the patronage of molti Americani, should give a representation at some Broadway theatre, where the price of seats soars as high as two stads.

When all was over and the lights were out Arne was compelled by duty to decline an urgent invitation to a midnight banquet at Buchanan's with the newly risen star and his radiant Rosetta, also excellent unpolished buffo comedian, Pasquale Foggi, who had covered himself with glory as the First Grave-digger.

As they all walked over together to the Bowery cable car, Roncone said, with tears in his eyes:

"It was so many years my dream, but in Italia I could not. Now, here, this is the real thing all rights' right. Say it in your giornale that we thank our American friends from the heart! They have given us the push, the send-off. Molti grazie! We will present them now the vero Italian drama—Goldoni, Silvio Pellico, also Shakespeare as played by the grande Salvini, Novelli, Zucconi, La Due, tutti, al Teatro Mulberry."

"Viva il Teatro Mulberry!"  
So the impossible became an accomplished fact. Did Mr. Bessemer ever hear of it? If not, 'tis a pity.

Henry TYRELL

## THE PRESS AGENT.

Observations of a Dramatic Editor.

When Homer wished for a tongue of iron and a throat of brass that he might tell the ships and the number of them that came from the distant Argos, he could have saved himself time and eloquence had he merely wished himself a press agent.

Many years' service as dramatic editor on a morning daily has given me ample opportunity to study the ways and habits of the press agent and his species. The result of my observations is not to discourage the calling. The press agent is an essential feature of the theatrical business. But he is growing too rampant. Instead of dealing out historic stimulants in homoeopathic doses he has used a scoop shovel in filling the maws of the editor. This overfeeding will surely bring on a pronounced attack of nausea all along the line.

Statesmen, authors, philanthropists and poets receive nothing like the fulsome flattery that are showered upon footlight favorites. That these hyperbolic mandarins have been hurtled about so freely in printer's ink has inspired the press agent to greater efforts. His imagination works overtime. His thought done becomes the reservoir of superlative adjectives and weird phrases. The spectacular overflow of rhetoric pours in upon the dramatic editor, who is expected to prosecute his readers with it.

Right here I wish to state that my connection is with a newspaper in a Western city of some eighty thousand population. In theatrical parlance the city is signified (or stigmatized) as a "one-night stand." In advance of the big attractions comes the "leaper." He bristles with importance and manifold notices conspicuously marked "Not Duplicated." As an exclusive bit of news he tells you that the star is a distant relative of the Governor of the State or was born in some neighboring town. Of course the dramatic editor is expected to bubble over with local pride, although to the more discerning it may not be quite clear how dramatic art is

ARNE (THE REPORTER).

advance man—"seven days ahead." The same press notices marked "Not Duplicated," with the same grandiloquent adjectives, stare you in the face. Enough "dead" literature is loaded on your desk to not alone fill a column, but a page. I have known some advance men to appear actually piqued upon being informed that the typewritten collection of adjectives was not available.

It is surprising, though, what a vast amount of absolute theatrical rot finds its way into the newspapers. Believe me, all dramatic editors are not gallidom. Many are simply cœurs. And, I regret to say it, many are lazy. But there will be an awakening.

How dreary it must be to readers of dramatic news to continually meet with hackneyed and meaningless phrases. Every play is "produced on a scale of magnitude superior to any drama now before the public." Every star is "the greatest living exponent of his art." Every attraction has played to "a succession of crowded houses." Nor is reiteration the worst of it. I have noticed the press work of some very excellent attractions attended with vaporings characteristic of lunacy or hallucination.

Little wonder that the public has grown disgusted and weary of advance notices and turns for diversion to the market reports. Will not managers realize that the greater part of the country's inhabitants are possessed of a fair amount of intelligence, and will not be attracted by undue verbosity?

W. H. ANDERSON



PASQUALE FOGGI, FIRST GRAVE DIGGER.

on that occasion he made a speech which has been published all over the United States. The reason why it attracted attention was that he declared one of his pet ideals to be a truly national theatre, freed from the trammels of commercialism. Now such a declaration coming from a man of Mr. Bessemer's mind and of his millions is a matter of legitimate public interest. Many people wish to know if he means to endorse the Endowed Theatre project. That is what the editor has sent me here to find out."

"Tell him that Mr. Bessemer has no time to bother with interviewers. When he has a statement to make public we give it out in typewritten slips to all the newspapers alike."

"Very well. But you may recollect that on my first call here about this matter—to-day's is my fourth—at your own suggestion I wrote out in detail the question I was sent to ask Mr. Bessemer. That requires an answer. Yes or No, which I should like to get."

"You wait here a minute."

The private secretary vanished. The reporter waited there a minute—five minutes, ten, fifteen.

Ping, pong! ping, pong! in rhythmic iteration afar within was the only sound to break the sumptuous stillness. Evidently a strenuous game was in progress.

At last the private secretary returned. He handed Arne—Arne was the reporter's name—a



ROSETTA, RONCONI'S PRETTY WIFE, WHO PLAYED OPHELIA.

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

HENRY BUCKLER.

Henry Buckler is a young and talented actor who, following in the footsteps of his stage career, followed his father into his native city, Washington, D. C., to make his professional debut in 1890 as Harry Worth in *The Wizard of Id*. After a season, he was engaged by the famous and popular playgoer George D. Baker, and was supported by A. E. Springer, the famous manager, in a number of famous houses. In 1892 he made a marked appearance, however, in the *Administrative Officer*, a comedy drama, at the Washington Court, where he was the most popular actor in the city. During the next two years he made two consecutive tours, one with Proctor's Stock, the other with Wilmer's One-Act, and concluded the season in the autumn of 1894 with a supplementary engagement with the Pennsylvania Stock Company, in Philadelphia. His most important parts have been in *Madame Butterfly*, and with Rose Osgood, Mr. Buckler is considered an excellent reader, and is possessed of considerable versatility. He has

and stage training than Ernest Lamm. For several seasons he played in support of the late James A. Heron, George Robeson, and other well-known stars, and the knowledge that he gained through these experiences he has put to good use. The drawing of Mr. Lamm that appears in this issue was made by George D. Baker and shows the actor as he appears in the character of Len, in *York State Follies*. Next season he will play Tobe Morris, a role for which he is well suited and in which he will doubtless surpass his earlier successes.

RITA KNIGHT.

Rita Knight is a resident of Portland, Me., who entered the profession some five years ago and has been with the Wilbur Opera company, Jack and the Beanstalk, *The Man in the Moon*, and other organizations. This season she is playing the *Pink Pajama Girl* in *The Liberty Belle* (Western), and is meeting with much success. The San Francisco papers have unanimous in praising her performance. She

is sympathetic, sweet, and she sings with faultless technique. After a season with Augustin Daly's musical comedies Miss Crawford decided to abandon that kind of work, and accepted an engagement with

versatile and in the past ten years has played over 150 parts. He has been identified with the leading farce-comedy and opera companies, among which might be mentioned *My Aunt Bridget*, *Corinne*, and



Photo Noiman, Boston.

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

very successfully played a long and varied line of roles, both in comedy and legitimate drama. During his seven years' experience he has appeared in thirty-eight plays and essayed over sixty different roles. He was specially engaged this season for the prominent part of Daffy Dan in *Her Marriage Vow*. The character is unique and difficult and Mr. Buckler has won much praise, both from the press and public, for his conception and interpretation of the role.

ERNEST LAMSON

Of the younger people in the profession who will be advanced to responsible positions next season few, indeed, are more thoroughly equipped both by nature

"Music and Drama" says: "And the *Pink Pajama Girl*—a girl with a wealth of light, smiling hair and a figure like a sylph. Who has ever seen her equal? For a girl who sings little, says little and does little, her popularity is marvelous. She simply wears pink pajamas, but she does so in a manner that is positively bewitching in its quaintness and grace. The *Pink Pajama Girl* is one of the real big hits of the performance."

EDNA ARCHER CRAWFORD.

Edna Archer Crawford, who is pictured on another page, is a graduate of the Chicago Musical College and has had the degree of Bachelor of Musical Arts conferred on her. She has a beautiful soprano voice



Photo Straus, Kansas City.

LILLIAN BURKHART.

E. H. Sothern, in whose support she appeared for two seasons, *Her Cousin De Winter* in *The King's Musketeer* received praise everywhere. The following season she became leading lady of one of F. F. Proctor's stock companies, with which she displayed particular talent for strong emotional roles, her performances in *Camille*, *Basil Kirk*, the *Cousin Mirta* in *The Great Ruby* and other serious roles stamping her as an actress of no mean ability. She was reengaged for the present season and is now leading lady at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre, where her consistent and conscientious work has established her as a favorite. Although this is her fifth year on the stage, she has risen to an enviable position by her remarkable histrionic ability.

WILLIAM STUART.

William Stuart, who is, perhaps, one of the best known of our stock comedians, is playing the present season with the Grand Opera House Stock company, Memphis, where he has become a favorite. This is Mr. Stuart's eighth consecutive season in stock work, he having been associated with leading organizations in Chicago, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Newark and Montreal. He was formerly with Richard Mansfield, Robert Mantell, Julia Marlowe, and other prominent stars. Mr. Stuart has recently appeared with success in several parts made famous by the late Sol Smith Russell.

DAVID R. YOUNG.

David R. Young is an actor of experience, who has late devoted himself entirely to character and dialect work, making a specialty of old men. For the past three seasons he has been with Robert B. Mantell. The Philadelphia "Telegraph" recently spoke of Mr. Young as follows: "As Otto the Jester David R. Young made the most of his role. He evaded himself to the full of every opening, while not attempting to give himself too much prominence, in which he gives his proper worthy judgment. When he defied the Chancellor, in spite of his parti-colored raiment, he rose to the majestic."

WILLIAM OWEN.

William Owen is pictured elsewhere in the character of Charles Surface, in *The School for Scandal*. This is Mr. Owen's seventh starring tour, he having appeared as Hamlet, Iago, Romeo, Shylock, Benedick, Richelieu, Claude Melotte, and for a season of ten weeks as Chauncey Short in *A Gilded Fool*. Mr. Owen expects to appear next season in a new play now being written.

J. W. McCONNELL.

J. W. McConnell, who has made a great success as Joseph Smith in *The School for Scandal*, is at present with William Owen, having played Othello last season to Mr. Owen's Iago. He is not only a finished actor, but a producer as well. To his keen artistic sense is due much of the reputation the Owen company has gained for putting on standard dramas in a correct and sumptuous manner.

THOMAS J. GRADY.

Thomas J. Grady, a native of Philadelphia, entered the profession in 1887 with the late Harry and Fay, and by hard work has been very successful. He is

A Hot Old Time. He was the original Mulligan in *The Dandies* during its successful run in New York. For five seasons he was leading comedian in stock at Toronto, St. Louis, Philadelphia and New Orleans. Last season he played the leading part in



Photo Rydz, Cleveland.

RUBY BRIDGES.



Photo Sherer, Sedalia.

T. P. J. POWER.

Hello, Bill, and is considered an excellent stage-director, and this season is engaged to play a character in *Madame Butterfly* and produce *A Night on Broadway* for Murray and Mack. This production has been pronounced by press and public the best vehicle yet used by these comedians.

## A DINNER UP A TREE.

HE month of June usually is a pleasant period to visit Paris, but June of 1902 was an exception. I am within bounds when I state that during the thirty days it rained more or less in twenty of them. I never remember Jupiter I'UVius to have been so active in the *Villa Lumière*. There was a period of four days when the sun never indulged in a single glimmer, and I was by no means surprised to read of many suicides in the *Figaro*. I never saw the usually light-hearted Parisians so triste and silent.

A wag advertised in the *Petit Journal*: "Lost or mislaid, the Summer of 1902. A suitable reward will be given to any one who will return it safe and sound and insure its continuance, to — etc."

Before I went to Paris I had planned excursions to many of its richly wooded environs, such as Versailles, St. Cloud, Ville d'Avray, Suresnes, Fontenay-aux-Roses, St. Germain-en-Laye, and other pretty places. But the elements were dead against me. It is not cheerful to explore the countryside under an umbrella, with your trousers tucked up and the rain beating in your face. Trees, foliage, flowers, vegetation, forests, all look better when they are lit up by the sun, as a play goes better when the footlights are full on. The result was I dined every day in Paris, and so my amiable plot to sample the cuisine of the surrounding towns and villages was defeated. The inclement shower weather did it.

"Well," said I, "as I can't dine about in the way I had planned I'll eat all over Paris." And so I made daily jumps by way of contrast. On a Monday I would sit at the *table d'hôte* of the Hotel Continental, and it is the very best all-inclusive equivalent for the outlay of seven francs I know of in Paris. M. Boulanger looks well after his cooks, pays them good salaries, and therefore obtains the services of accomplished artists. The *table d'hôte* is not over ornamental, and, thank goodness, there is no music during dinner. I share the opinion of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan that when one dines one does not wish to call the sense of hearing into activity. It interferes with conversation, and a fastidious gourmet does not desire the pleasure of his palate interfered with by crickets and quavers that have no connection with his soup and fish.

The next day I made a wide leap in dining. I called a cab and went off to a cheap restaurant near the *Parc des Buttes-Chaumont*, one of the highest points of Belleville, in the midst of ancient quarries, and the reputed stronghold of Anarchists. I brought me to try the rough-and-ready cuisine of the dispossessed proletariat, so I sought a Belleville-Bistrocafé pension called "Au Bon Baigneur," and had a dinner for two francs, consisting of a *hors d'œuvre*, a thin soup, three plates *au chôc*, and a dessert, a bottle of white Bordeaux. The coffee with eau de vie was 2d. extra — certainly not dear.

I observed I had a restless night after this democratic repast. Perhaps it was the *fricassée à l'osseille* (one of the plates *au chôc* I had selected), or the doctor white Bordeaux, which suggested by its strength that it might have been fortified with some vitriolic irritant. Possibly it was the combination, but I saw red-hot dragons with eyes of fire and blue tails in my dreams, and I felt myself as daylight dawned precipitated over the great expanse of the Buttes-Chaumont, which, by the way, is the one noteworthy thing to see at Belleville. I then and there determined I would dine no more in that elevated part of Paris.

Friends! a mighty change. The next day, to conciliate my digestive apparatus, I dined at the Hotel Ritz, in the Place Vendôme, and as old Poppa says in his diary, "a mighty pretty dinner it was; fit for a king," meaning Charles II, whom the old diarist kept close track of. Mr. Ritz is a first-class hotel man; an administrator with a genius for organizing. Having built up a reputation for the London Savoy and Carlton, in which

he was assisted by M. Echenard, of the "Hôtel Louvre et la Paix," of Marseilles, he has established a hotel in Paris which is largely supported by the aristocratic classes, no matter of what nationality, for Ritz as a hotelier is known all over the world.

Happening to meet my friend, Mr. Montague Hayden, of the Hotel Tudor, London, who was on a flying visit to "gay Paris," he asked me if I had ever dined up a tree at Robinson — a village named after the famous *Crusoe*, Defoe's hero — about ten miles from Paris. I had heard of a lunch in a balloon, but had never dined up in a tree, amid the foliage of a towering beech.

I liked the notion, profited by his advice, and we went to Robinson the very next day. Mr. Hayden assured me that he had gone there on an occasion to dine and was so charmed with the country around the village that he remained for a week. I was not in the mood to dine in trees for a week. I should certainly have thought that I was realizing in an inverse manner the Darwinian theory about the monkeys, who are apt to dine in tree tops all the year round.

I found Robinson to be the next village to Fontenay-aux-Roses, the pretty spot where an annual interesting *couronnement de la rosière*, the crowning of a village virgin with a garland of roses, takes place. It was on a Sunday, and for a wonder the sun was on duty, shining quite brilliantly, for it had taken a rest the four previous days. Robinson was *en fête*. There was a fair going on, with *peep-shows*, roundabouts, shooting galleries, waxworks, stacks of gilded gingerbread, fortune tellers, photographers and highly-gilt lemonade at one sou the glass. The streets overflowed with children of all ages, blowing on yellow *papier-mâché* horns and eating the indigestible greasy cakes called *galette*, *tranches* and *gaufres* in the intervals of their discordant tooting. The irresponsible *donkey* was everywhere, and shaggy ponies crept up now and again with the Parisian *Calèches* (counter-jumpers in English) on them, out for the day. The scene suggested a combination of Hampstead Heath, a cockney holiday London resort, and Coney Island on any Summer Sunday.

It required but little search to find the restaurant that has turned the tall, handsome trees of its garden into small thatched-roof pavilions. They are built solidly into the strong branches

they are comfortably hot. There were three stories on platforms on the tree on which Mr. Hayden and I dined. We occupied the middle one, while the pavilion above us was in the possession of several vocalists who had been singing in *La Vie de Bohème* at the *Opéra Comique*. They were a merry party, laughing and singing as



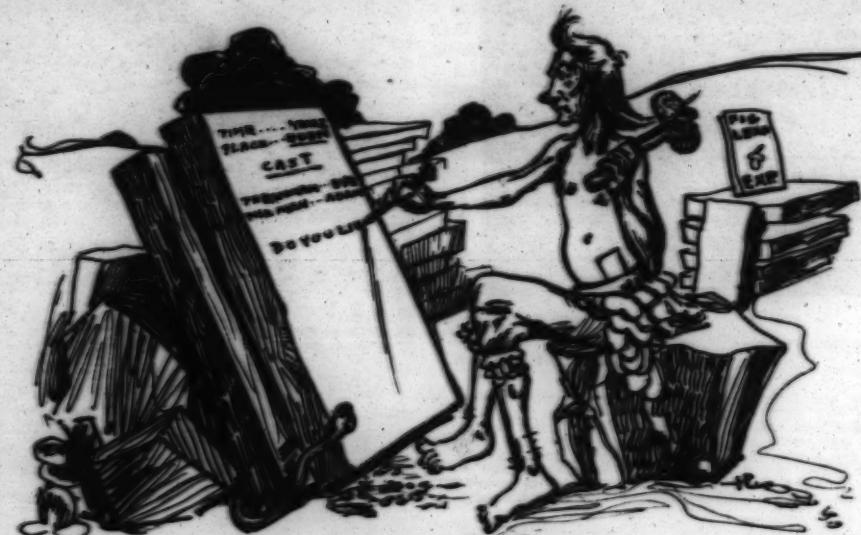
AT A THEATRICAL AGENCY.

Wealthy Society Woman: "Good morning, sir; I should like to go on the stage."

Manager: "But, my dear madam, what experience have you had?"

Wealthy Society Woman: "Experience? I have six new Paris gowns, \$50,000 worth of diamonds, have been divorced twice, have been in a railroad collision, rescued from a burning building, hold the golf championship, introduced new rules in ping pong, and —"

Manager: "Good Heavens, woman! Why didn't you come to me before? You'll be the sensation of the season."



THE FIRST PLAYWRIGHT.

and plainly furnished with deal tables, straw-seated chairs, and coarse, clean napery. The visitors ascend by a flight of rustic steps and the food is handed up in wicker baskets by a stout cord and pulley. There is a waiter below, a waiter above, and considering the distance the viands have to travel before they reach the lips

thou — they had caught the *riost* spirit of poor Henri Murger, whose bust I saw, by the by, in the garden of the Luxembourg on my way to the railway station. If Murger were alive to-day with his bright wit and facile pen he would not be compelled to live on thirty-five francs a month; Chamfleury, in his "Nuits d'Automne," declaring that he and Murger only had seventy francs a month between them, and they managed to exist on what many a self-indulgent man spends on a single dinner, even if he be up a tree.

After we had opened a bottle of "Cordon Rouge" (G. H. Mumm's finest brand), our small wit went flying about among the leaves of the trees. Another dining hut perched on a high beech near our tree of course we called a branch establishment, and Hayden protested that though we only drank champagne we could not help being elevated. These obvious puns made us laugh because we were in high spirits, for when one dines up a tree in the welcome sunshine one is apt to look on the bright side of little things and imagine geese to be swans.

"Can you distinguish trees readily?" said I to my Tudoresque companion.

"Not well by name when I *twig* them, but I have a *boughing* acquaintance with all of them," was the prompt reply. The printer is humbly requested to put these puns in italics, as they may not be recognized by the rapid reader.

While in the tree we fell to chatting of Sarah Bernhardt being in London, and the folly of playing Dumas' *Femme de Claude*. I have always held the opinion that Dumas drowns his drama in a deluge of talk. There never was such an interminable talker as he when he got that irritating bee in his bonnet of "L'Homme-Femme." Very clever talk, no doubt, of its kind, and appropriate in an essay, but not on the stage. There are speeches in the *Femme de Claude* that occupy two to three pages of printed matter. Audiences chafe under these long-winded tirades, and object to being lectured. That is one reason why the plays of Dumas are not popular in England. There is a brilliant exception — the *Dame aux Camélias*, which was written in a week, when the author was a very young man, on any odd scraps of paper that came to his hand. He told me on an occasion when I had the pleasure of meeting him at dinner at a friend's house, that he wrote the second act in five hours. He also told me that when he read it to the actors it was received with applause, tears, and the assurance of an instant success. Mlle. Guisolphe, a pretty actress to whom the role of Olympe was destined, during the reading went into convulsions of tears that ended in a violent hysteria. Dumas asked her why she was so affected, and she protested that she herself was consumptive and said she would die like Marguerite Gautier. And, curiously enough, this charming lady did perish of that



THE SOCIETY ACTRESS VERSUS THE BARNSTORMER.

In the last act of a society drama the Broadway actress usually ends in a garret. In real life she occupies a suite of rooms at a fashionable hotel.

The barnstormer on the stage appears as a prince. In real life he often finds it difficult to pay his board bill.

malady several years later; and, still more curiously, died on the same bed that had been occupied by a Marie Duplessis who was the original which Dumas had in his mind when he wrote his emotional masterpiece. M. Dumas also took the famous tragic actress Rachel to witness the play, and she was so agitated by the superb acting of Madame Ducha that before the fifth act was over, in which Marguerite dies, she entreated the author to assist her to her carriage, and she drove home in a state of anxious depression. She also died of consumption in Egypt a very few years later.

M. Dumas told me of an interesting incident that happened in connection with his play, *The Princesse Georges*. He had just finished it when a lady he had long known came to him in great trouble to ask advice. Her married son had become entangled in the meshes of a well-known society beauty and had left his home. The young wife was beside herself with jealousy, resentment and grief. Her mother-in-law had done M. Dumas the honor of going to him for advice. What course was her deserted daughter-in-law to adopt? He took the manuscript of *The Princesse Georges* and handing it to his old friend said: "Tell your daughter-in-law to read this. She will find in it the advice you ask me for." His suggestion was carried out. A month afterward the husband returned home, where he was received without a reproach as if he had come back from his club. When Dumas related the incident he remarked with a twinkle in his eye: "This is perhaps the only occasion on which a play of mine had served a really good purpose."

Night was falling, and our dinner was over. We had drained our last bottle, smoked our cigars, dealt out our stock of anecdotes, and at last descended from the tree. I remarked that we both came down carefully and reached the ground without a hitch. The opera singers still carried on their festivities in the topmost pavilion, and as we were departing "Mimi" and "Rodolphi" were singing the duet in the last act of *Le Vie de Bohème*, their principal audience being the birds who have their nests in the neighboring branches. I wonder what they thought of the artists and whether they felt their domain was being invaded by these operatic warblers.

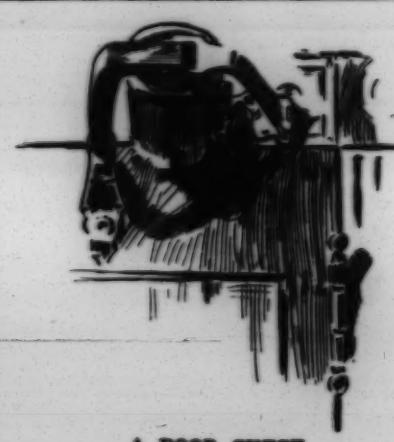
I returned to England by way of Havre and Southampton (the Southwestern Railway route), and what a convenient, comfortable route it is for those who like a few hours of braving sea air. The boats are splendidly equipped, there is a minimum of motion when the sea is decently tranquil, and the custom house officers at Southampton are the politest officials I ever encountered. They did not tumble the passengers' luggage unnecessarily, and made no fussy pretense of clumsy searching. By this route I was enabled to breakfast at the Southwestern Hotel at eight A.M. For people who are not in a hurry and can take their pleasures at their leisure, the Havre route in Summer is the best and cheapest I know — a point worth remembering by intending tourists.

HOWARD PAUL.

## NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

Miss Cagney: "How can I be sure that the ghost will walk regularly?"

Manager Fly: "We intend to play Hamlet every Tuesday evening."



A DOOR CHECK.

**\$4,075.75** In One Performance.  
Academy of Music.

Philadelphia, Nov. 27, 1902.		
<i>Henrietta Crosman</i>		
<i>In "The Sword of the King"</i>		
156		
2156	2.10	340 =
604		
604	2.00	1208 =
322		
322	1.70	483 =
332		
332	1.00	332 =
384		
384	.90	280 =
368		
368	.50	184 =
796 Admissions	1.00	796 =
326		
326	.50	163 =
1127		
	2.0	281 =
	4.07	75
<i>A. J. Young</i>		
Academy of Music		
Knickerbocker Theatre		
X. H. C. C. J.		

During Miss Crosman's recent engagement at the Philadelphia Academy of Music it was necessary to place the Orchestra on the stage to accommodate the people, and even then, with a seating capacity of 3,800 persons, hundreds were turned away.

**THIS YEAR ANOTHER TRIUMPH**  
—Box Office Statements Tell the Story—

**LOOK AT THIS ONE**

HENRIETTA

# CROSMAN

IN RONALD MACDONALD'S COMEDY

## The Sword of the King

*Maurice Campbell's Productions Next Season*

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BY EUGENE W. PRESBREY.

**COMIN' THRO' THE RYE**  
BY RALPH EMERSON.

**THE MASQUE OF THE WHITE ROSE**  
BY JAMES MACARTHUR.

**THE SWORD OF THE KING (Special)**  
BY RONALD MACDONALD.

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Since "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA,"  
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IN THE EARLY SPRING.

John Oliver Hobbes' (Mrs. Craigie) and Murray Carson's  
New Society Comedy

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THE SEASON'S GREAT SUCCESS AT THE  
GARRICK THEATRE, LONDON, ENGLAND.

ARRANGEMENTS NOW BEING CONSUMMATED BY MR. HACKETT WITH

## MME. JANE HADING

FOR A BRIEF TOUR OF TWENTY WEEKS, BEGINNING ABOUT NOVEMBER 1ST, 1903.

## A DINNER UP A TREE.

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"Well," said I, "as I can't dine about in the way I had planned I'll eat all over Paris." And so I made daily jumps by way of contrast. On a Monday I would dine at the table d'hôte of the Hotel Continental, and it is the very best alimentary equivalent for the outlay of seven francs I know of in Paris. M. Bouillabaisse looks well after his cooks, pays them good salaries, and therefore obtains the services of accomplished artists. The *salles à manger* is not over ornamental, and, thank goodness, there is no music during dinner. I share the opinion of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan that when one dines one does not wish to call the sense of hearing into activity. It interferes with conversation, and a fastidious gourmet does not desire the pleasure of his palate interfered with by crockery and glasses that have no connection with his soup and fish.

The next day I made a wide leap in dining. I called a cab and went off to a cheap restaurant near the *Parc des Buttes-Chaumont*, one of the highest points of Belleville, in the midst of ancient quarries, and the reported stronghold of Anarchists. I brought me to try the rough-and-ready cuisine of the disreputable proletarian, so I sought a *Bouillabaisse* parlor called "Au Bon Saupiquet," and had a dinner for two francs, consisting of a *l'assiette*, a thin soup, three plates *au choix*, and a dessert, a bottle of white *Bordeaux*. The coffee with cognac was 3d. extra — certainly not *gas*.

I observed I had a restless night after this democratic repast. Perhaps it was the *friends à l'assiette* (one of the plates *au choix* I had selected), or the docile white *Bordeaux*, which suggested by its strength that it might have been fortified with some vitriolic irritant. Possibly it was the combination, but I saw red-hot dragons with eyes of fire and blue tails in my dreams, and I felt myself as daylight dawned precipitated over the great expanse of the *Buttes-Chaumont*, which, by the way, is the one noteworthy thing to see at Belleville. I then and there determined I would dine no more in that elevated part of Paris.

Pronto! a mighty change. The next day, to consult my digestive apparatus, I dined at the Hotel *Ritz*, in the *Place Vendôme*, and as old Poppa says in his diary, "a mighty pretty dinner it was: fit for a king," meaning Charles II, whom the old aristocrat kept close track of. Mr. *Ritz* is a first-class hotel man; an administrator with a genius for organizing. Having built up a reputation for the London *Bavoy* and *Carlton*, in which

he was assisted by M. Echenard, of the "Hôtel Louvre et la Paix" of *Marseille*, he has established a hotel in Paris which is largely supported by the aristocratic classes, no matter of what nationality, for *Ritz* as a hotelier is known all over the world.

Happening to meet my friend, Mr. Montague Hayden, of the Hotel *Tudor*, London, who was on a flying visit to "gay Paris," he asked me if I had ever dined up a tree at *Robinson*—a village named after the famous *Crusoe*, Defoe's hero—about ten miles from Paris. I had heard of a lunch in a balloon, but had never dined up a tree.

"Let me advise you to do so, then. It will be a unique occasion," suggested Mr. Hayden; "and as you seem to have eaten all over Europe and America, to say nothing of Africa, you can for once leave the earth and dine up in the air, amid the foliage of a towering beech."

I liked the notion, profited by his advice, and we went to *Robinson* the very next day. Mr. Hayden assured me that he had gone there on an occasion to dine and was so charmed with the country around the village that he remained for a week. I was not in the mood to dine in trees for a week. I should certainly have thought that I was realizing in an inverse manner the Darwinian theory about the monkeys, who are apt to dine in tree tops all the year round.

I found *Robinson* to be the next village to *Pontenay-aux-Roses*, the pretty spot where an annual interesting *conventionnement de la rosière*, the crowning of a village virgin with a garland of roses, takes place. It was on a Sunday, and for a wonder the sun was on duty, shining quite brilliantly, for it had taken a rest the four previous days. *Robinson* was *en fête*. There was a fair going on, with *peep-shows*, round-shouts, shooting galleries, waxworks, stacks of gilded gingerbread, fortune tellers, photographers and highly-tinted lemonsade at one sou the glass. The streets overflowed with children of all ages, blowing on yellow paper-maché horns and eating the indigestible greasy cakes called *palets*, *broches* and *gaufres* in the intervals of their discordant tooting. The irresponsible donkey was everywhere, and shaggy ponies crept up now and again with the Parisian *Cartouches* (counter-jumpers in English) on them, out for the day. The scene suggested a combination of *Hampstead Heath*, a cockney holiday London resort, and *Coney Island* on any Summer Sunday.

It required but little search to find the restaurant that has turned the tall, handsome trees of its garden into small thatched-roof pavilions. They are built solidly into the strong branches

they are comfortably hot. There were three stories on platforms on the tree on which Mr. Hayden and I dined. We occupied the middle one, while the pavilion above us was in the possession of several vocalists who had been singing in *La Vie de Bohème* at the *Opéra Comique*. They were a merry party, laughing and singing as



AT A THEATRICAL AGENCY.

Well-dressed Society Woman: "Good morning, sir; I should like to go on the stage."

Manager: "But, my dear madam, what experience have you had?"

Well-dressed Society Woman: "Experience! I have six new Paris gowns, \$50,000 worth of diamonds, have been divorced twice, have been in a railroad collision, rescued from a burning building, held the golf championship, introduced new rules in ping pong, and —"

Manager: "Good Heaven, woman! Why didn't you come to me before? You'll be the sensation of the season."

they are comfortably hot. There were three stories on platforms on the tree on which Mr. Hayden and I dined. We occupied the middle one, while the pavilion above us was in the possession of several vocalists who had been singing in *La Vie de Bohème* at the *Opéra Comique*. They were a merry party, laughing and singing as



THE FIRST PLAYWRIGHT.

and plainly furnished with deal tables, straw-seated chairs, and coarse, clean napery. The visitors accessed by a flight of rustic steps and the food is handed up in wicker baskets by a stout cord and pulley. There is a waiter below, a waiter above, and considering the distance the viands have to travel before they reach the lips

though they had caught the *vieux spirit* of poor *Henri Murger*, whose bust I saw, by the by, in the garden of the *Luxembourg* on my way to the railway station. If *Murger* were alive to-day with his bright wit and facile pen he would not be compelled to live on thirty-five francs a month; *Chausseur*, in his "*Nuits d'Automne*," declaring that he and *Murger* only had seventy francs a month between them, and they managed to eat on what many a self-indulgent man spends on a single dinner, even if he be up a tree.

After we had opened a bottle of "*Cordon Rouge*" (G. H. Mumm's *flout brand*), our small wit went flying about among the leaves of the tree. Another dining hut perched on a high branch near our tree of course we called a branch establishment, and Hayden predicted that though we only drank champagne we could not help being elevated. These obvious puns made us laugh because we were in high spirits, for when one climbs up a tree in the *voluptuous* sunshine one is apt to look on the bright side of little things and imagine puns to be sweet.

"Can you distinguish trees readily?" said I to my *Théâtre* companion.

"Not well by name when I try them, but I have a haphazard acquaintance with all of them," was the prompt reply. The *pratice* is hardly required to put these puns in Italian, as they may not be recognized by the rapid reader.

While in the tree we fell to chatting of Sarah Bernhardt living in London, and the folly of playing *Dumas' Femmes de Claude*. I have always held the opinion that *Dumas* drives his drama in a degree of talk. There never was such an interminable talker as he when he got that irritating line in his *Journal* of "*L'Homme-Femme*." Very clever talk, no doubt, of his kind, and appropriate in an essay, but not on the stage. There are *passages* in the *Femmes de Claude* that occupy two to three pages of printed matter. Audiences chafe under these long-winded tirades, and object to being tortured. That is one reason why the plays of *Dumas* are not popular in England. There is a brilliant exception—the *Dame aux Camélias*, which was written in a week, when the author was a very young man, on any odd scraps of paper that came to his hand. He told me on an occasion when I had the pleasure of meeting him at dinner at a friend's house, that he wrote the second act in five hours. He also told me that when he read it to the actors it was received with applause, tears, and the assurance of an instant success. Miss *Oultripe*, a pretty actress to whom the role of *Olymp* was destined, during the reading went into convulsions of tears that ended in a violent hysteria. *Dumas* asked her why she was so affected, and she protested that she herself was consumptive and felt she would die like *Marguerite Gautier*. And, curiously enough, this charming lady did perish of that

malady several years later; and, still more curiously, died on the same bed that had been occupied by a *Marie Duplessis* who was the original which *Dumas* had in his mind when he wrote his emotional masterpiece. *M. Dumas* also took the famous tragic actress *Rachel* to witness the play, and she was so agitated by the superb acting of *Madame Doche* that before the fifth act was over, in which *Marguerite* dies, she entreated the author to assist her to her carriage, and she drove home in a state of anxious depression. She also died of consumption in Egypt a very few years later.

*M. Dumas* told me of an interesting incident that happened in connection with his play, *The Princess Georges*. He had just finished it when a lady he had long known came to him in great trouble to ask advice. Her married son had become entangled in the meshes of a well-known society beauty and had left his home. The young wife was beside herself with jealousy, resentment and grief. Her mother-in-law had done *M. Dumas* the honor of going to him for advice. What course was her deserted daughter-in-law to adopt? He took the manuscript of *The Princess Georges* and handing it to his old friend said: "Tell your daughter-in-law to read this. She will find in it the advice you ask me for." His suggestion was carried out. A month afterward the husband returned home, where he was received without a reproof as if he had come back from his club. When *Dumas* related the incident he remarked with a twinkle in his eye: "This is perhaps the only occasion on which a play of mine had served a really good purpose."

Night was falling, and our dinner was over. We had drained our last bottle, smoked our cigars, dealt out our stock of anecdotes, and at last descended from the tree. I remarked that we both came down carefully and reached the ground without a hitch. The opera singers still carried on their festivities in the topmost pavilion, and as we were departing "*Min*" and "*Rodolphe*" were singing the duet in the last act of *Le Vie de Bohème*, their principal audience being the birds who have their nests in the neighboring branches. I wonder what they thought of the artists and whether they felt their domain was being invaded by these operatic warblers.

I returned to England by way of *Havre* and *Southampton* (the Southwestern Railway route), and what a convenient, comfortable route it is for those who like a few hours of braving sea air. The boats are splendidly equipped, there is a minimum of motion when the sea is decently tranquil, and the custom house officers at *Southampton* are the politest officials I ever encountered. They did not tumble the passengers' luggage unmercifully, and made no fussy pretense of clumsy searching. By this route I was enabled to breakfast at the *Southwestern Hotel* at eight A.M. For people who are not in a hurry and can take their pleasure at their leisure, the *Havre* route in summer is the best and cheapest I know — a point worth remembering by intending tourists.

HOWARD PAUL.

## NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

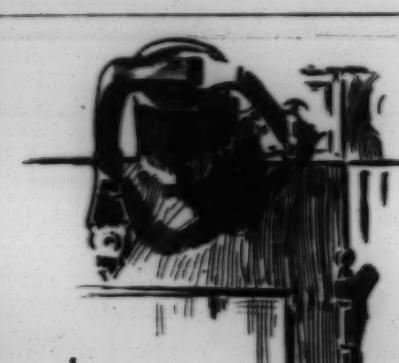
Miss Gopay: "How can I be sure that the ghost will walk regularly?"

Manager Fly: "We intend to play *Hamlet* every Tuesday evening."



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In the last act of a society drama the Broadway actress usually ends in a garret. In real life she occupies a suite of rooms at a fashionable hotel. The barnstormer on the stage appears as a prince. In real life he often finds it difficult to pay his board bill.



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136		
136	2.00	340 =
604		
604	2.00	1208 =
322		
322	1.00	483 =
332		
332	1.00	332 =
384		
384	.95	286 =
368		
368	.95	184 =
796 Admissions	1.00	796 =
326		
326	.95	163 =
<i>Total 1127</i>		
		4075.75

*H. D. Young.  
Academy of Music  
New York, N.Y.  
A. D. Young*

During Miss Crosman's recent engagement at the Philadelphia Academy of Music it was necessary to place the Orchestra on the stage to accommodate the people, and even then, with a seating capacity of 3,800 persons, hundreds were turned away.

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LOTTIE WILLIAMS.  
Lottie Williams, the sprightly, energetic and vivacious comedienne, now starring in *Only a Slap Girl*, is winning new laurels everywhere this season by reason of her admirable acting in that successful production. Miss Williams enters into the portrayal of

herself to her fellow members in the theatrical profession. Many players are pleased to call Miss Williams their friend, and the expression in this case means more than it ordinarily does. Last season Miss Williams was featured with Mason and Mason in the Broadhurst production of *Rudolph and Adolph*. Dramatic critics several years ago predicted a bright

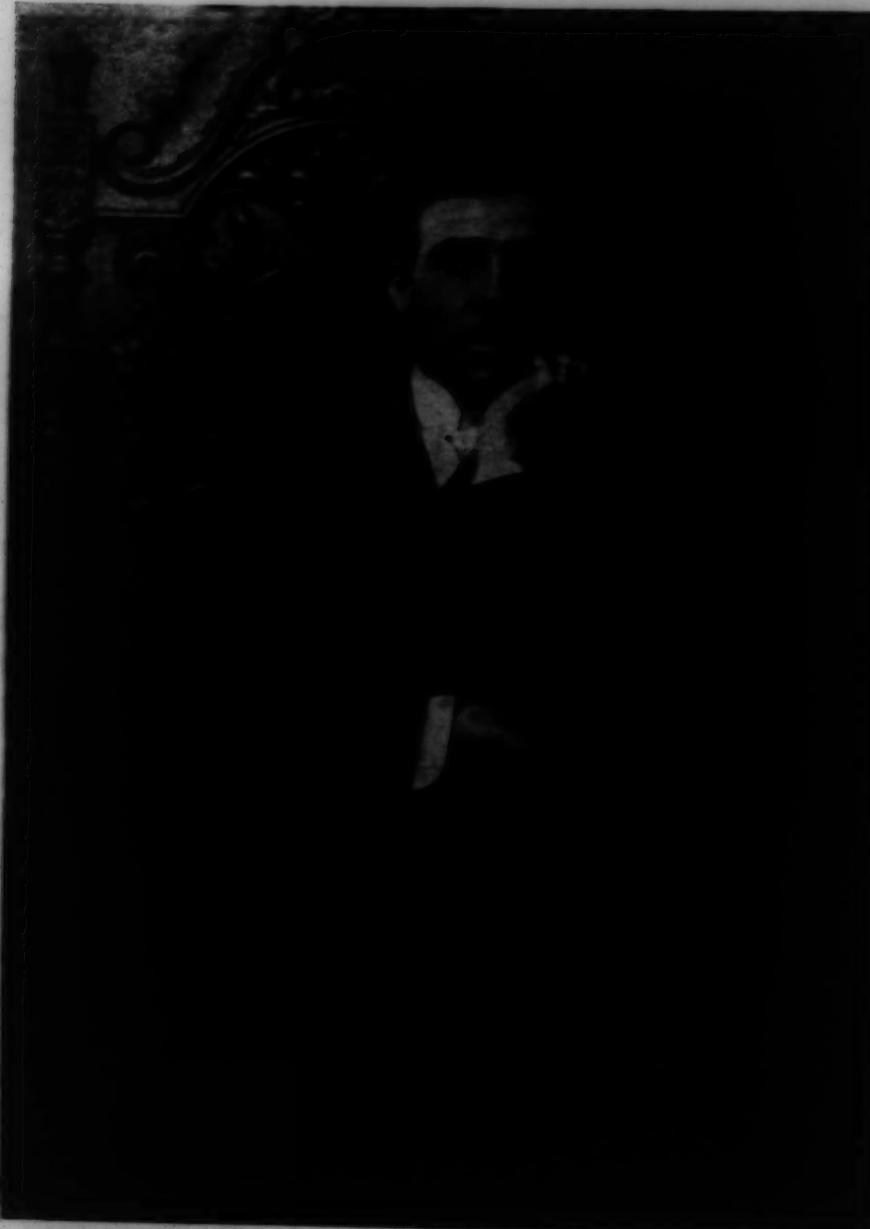


Photo copyright by A. Dupont, N. Y. JOSEPH HAWORTH

the character of Josie, the "Little Mother," with the spirit and enthusiasm that have marked all of her stage achievements, and being gifted with a very attractive personality, she quickly makes an admirer out of the most exacting theatregoer. In addition to her commanding nature, portrayal of the character she continues, Miss Williams also scores heavily with an English country song, and two other songs and choruses. Her clever work in this play.

future for Lottie Williams, and her successful career has thus far in every way proved that their judgment was correct.

## WINNIFRED GREENWOOD

Elsewhere in this issue there is published a portrait of Winnipeg Greenwood, who will be starred next season under management of Rob and Marrow in



Photo Baker, Columbus. **LOTTIE WILLIAMS**

starring for their second season under direction of W. E. Flack and Walter Floyd.

**FIELDING THACHER.**

**FIELDING THACHER.**  
THE MIRROR presents this week an excellent life-  
ness of Fielding Thacher, who has successfully bridged  
the chasm oftentimes supposed to lie between the

bringing him success. He has successfully played leading juvenile roles with the Whipple Stock company and minor roles with Mrs. Price, Dave Wersfeld, and Mondo Adams. Mr. Thacher is also a vocalist of no mean ability and at the Third Avenue Theatre last month made a hit with two new songs, "On a Moonlight Winter's Night" and "Jambalaya." He is highly connected socially in both Chicago and New York.



Photo Webster, Dan Watson

WILLIS LAGE, DIRECTOR

as well as in strictly comedy efforts, has gained for Miss Williams an enviable reputation. She is fortunate in not only occupying a warm spot in the affection of the public.

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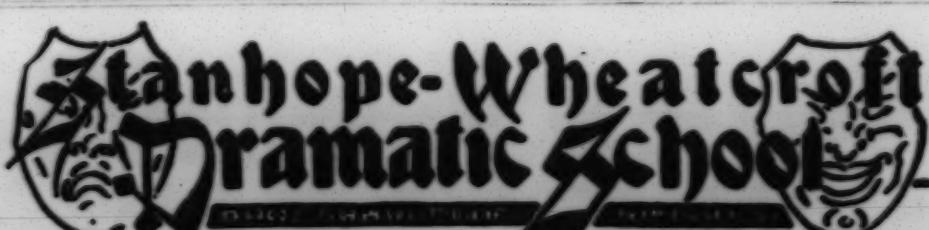
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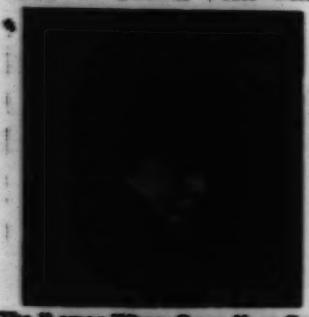
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## THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

### JOHN W. VOGEL.

John W. Vogel, whose picture appears below, has been entitled the "King of Minstrelsy," for it is

Miss in stock in Oakland, Cal. Miss Holt originated the part of Mother Paynor in *A Ruined Life*. Born in Cincinnati, she was raised in Louisville, her maiden name being Blanche Metcalf. Educated at the Ursuline Convent, in Brown County, O., she is

of Irish ancestry, and her knowledge of French was the highest grade from the moment of her entrance into the school. The mother of three boys, she has been a widow for a number of years, and has had a number of successful years in the minstrel field. She is a woman of great charm and beauty, and her voice is a clear, ringing soprano. She is a member of the Minstrel Society, in which she has been an active participant.

### KATE WATSON.

A combination of youth, beauty, and popularity is Kate Watson, who is now appearing in the Minstrel

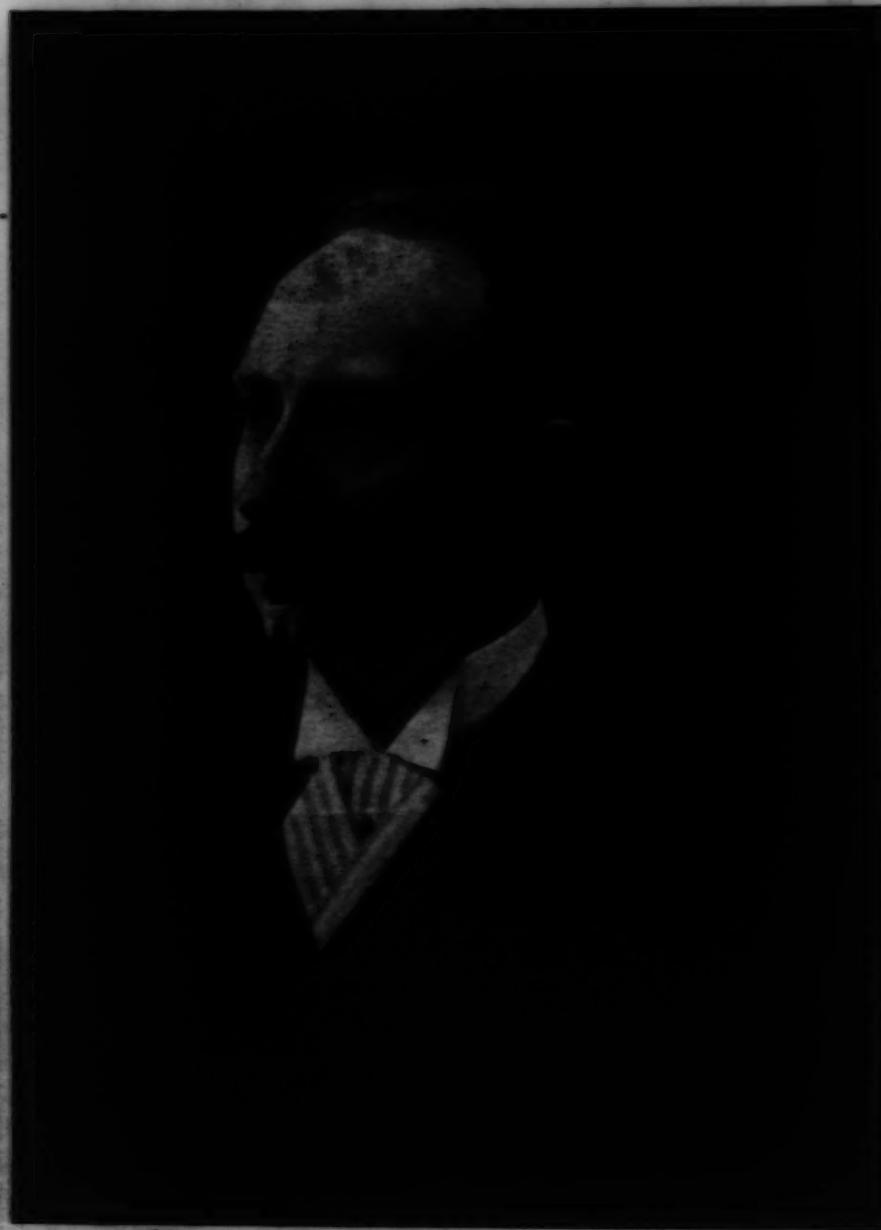


Photo Baker, Columbus. JOHN W. VOGEL, "The Minstrel King."

in that branch of the minstrel world that he has spent the greater part of his life, with great success. The fact that he is a comparatively a young man, and the fact that he is the successor to the famous "King of Minstrelsy," are the chief reasons of the success that comes to him. His personal qualities of character and temperament have caused him to be a favorite in every city where he has performed. "Vogel's Big Minstrels," is famous in the country country, meeting with the popularity of a summer, for though the memory of his

successor is strong, the memory of his

successor, which means to attend the work of Ruby Bridges, in her interpretation of the character of Anna Moore in "Way Down East," the popular production of William A. Brady, is curiously pleasing to her friends. Mr. Brady acted wisely and acted well when he gave to Ruby Bridges this important part to play, for her success has been notable. Ruby Bridges is a veritable favorite of public opinion. Moreover, her mother can help the public out with advice as an actress, and the grand children of Miss Bridges were among the several young women on the stage to-day who have won their way up. Truly a daughter of the stage, she has reflected credit upon her calling, and under the careful direction and management of Mr. Brady and most excellent stage manager of Joseph H. Green, she has certainly done credit. Ruby Bridges was but five years old when she entered the stage, and a child she played all the parts which are usually allotted to the children of the stage. For a time Miss Bridges left the theater for the purpose of attending boarding school, and until five years ago she was off the stage, although never losing her interest in it. Her first appearance after leaving school was in the New York production of "The Purple Lady" at the Bijou, in which she originated the part of Betty. She was afterward engaged by William A. Brady for the part of Kate in "Way Down East," and in the interpretation of that character she was most successful for two seasons, when she was given the part of Anna

### RUBY BRIDGES.

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the granddaughter of the late M. Kean, proprietor of the Louisville Hotel.

### MABEL MONTGOMERY.

Glad as co-star with her husband, Gus Cohan, under the direction of Dave B. Lewis, in the role of Beacons Field, Miss Watson represents a drowsy Indiana country girl—a type new to the stage. Her impersonation is absolutely original and highly

humorous, as are the specialties that she introduces.

Miss Watson and Mr. Cohan will continue next season in "The Hoodoo Girl" under their present management.

### MAE LA PORTE AND JOE MCENROE.

humorous, as are the specialties that she introduces.

Miss Watson and Mr. Cohan will continue next season in "The Hoodoo Girl" under their present management.



ERNEST LAMSON.

### MCENROE AND LA PORTE.

Joe McEnroe and Mae La Porte, who are known as the "Dancing Wonders," are considered one of the cleverest dancing teams in Mandeville. They have lately added to their extensive repertoire of specialties "Bumper Pictures," introducing acrobatic dancing. They are at present principal comedians and performers with the Herald Square Stock Company, producing six different double dancing specialties.



Photo Baker, Columbus, O.

### BLANCHE HOLT.

The accessories and wardrobe used by these performers are very handsome.

### HOWARD AND DORSET.

Flora Dorset and George B. Howard, of the Howard-Dorset company, have been at the head of their own company for the past four years. Miss Dorset is a very graceful actress and plays a wide range of parts, her chief attraction being her work in the part of "Lady Bubble" in "The Little Minister." She is also blessed with a sweet singing voice. Mr. Howard is a comedian and a great favorite both on and off the stage. He is a congenial fellow and his stories are much sought after. The portraits of Miss Dorset and Mr. Howard appear below.



ERROLL DUNBAR.

proprietor of the largest minstrel organization touring the country this season. The scenic adventure of the show is not less than that of many of the large city attractions and artists on the program are of the first order in their class. It is the intention of Vogel's intention to present "Vogel's Big City Minstrels" next season in all of the larger cities, and work already is under way for this undertaking, which will comprise more than one hundred working members, the musical contingent alone numbering thirty-six pieces, brass and string. These big numbers, novelties, new as yet even in this country, will top out part of the bill. Aside from his management interest, Vogel is interested in several commercial enterprises, among them the Gum Cigarette Making Machine Company, of which he is the President.

### ERROLL DUNBAR.

Erroll Dunbar, the character actor, whose greatest success has been made in the part of Mephisto, which he has been so long identified with, has made a radical departure this season, playing Kevork, the Arabian, a strong dramatic part, and is lending support to Mrs. Bruce in "Uxoma," the new play based upon F. Marion Crawford's story, "The Witch of Prague."

### BLANCHE HOLT.

Blanche Holt entered the profession as a chorus maiden in 1889, when she went with the Casino company (No. 2), under management of Nat Roth; also with the Opera company and sundry summer companies. The Casino, Princeton, doing grand dances and characters; Two Married Women, Biddy with Katie Emmett's Walks of the City last season; also she did characters with the Calumet Opera company to the coast. This season she was with A Ruined Life, from which she has resigned to accept a posi-



CLARE ALLEN BOURNE.

Moore, which she is now playing for the second season. The engagement of Miss Bridges for the leading part in a "Way Down East" company is a tribute to her ability. She is a charming personality and is a genuine type of the New England girl, she being a native New Englander.

### CLARE ALLEN BOURNE.

Clare Allen Bourne, whose likeness appears above, is a young emotional actress, a native of Kentucky, who has during the past few seasons made a name for herself in various leading roles. In the early part of her career she had considerable experience in high-class stock companies, and had the advantage of a season's work under the stage direction of William Seymour. When this season opened she accepted the position of leading woman in James O'Neill's Monte



FLORA DORSET.

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Featuring E. T. Stetson as Mephisto

### Thelma (Eastern)

Featuring MISS MARTHA BEAUFORT as Thelma

### Thelma (Western)

Featuring MISS BESSIE FOX as Thelma

### The Deemster

Featuring WALTER LAWRENCE and GUY DURELL  
as The Bishop as Daniel Myrea

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Louise  
Ripley  
-- AS --  
Lady  
Macbeth



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## GLOVES

## CLEVELAND.

Hal Rogers plays the part of Willie Wildflower,  
the round boy of the show, and he plays very well  
too, coming out strong in the comic scenes.—PLAIN  
DEALER.

## T. P. J. POWER.

An excellent portrait of T. P. J. Power, who has so successfully directed all the tours of the famous "Kitties" Band, is published in this number. Mr. Power is probably the youngest band manager in the business. Still his long, varied and much traveled experience has brought him in contact with all managers in every city in the United States and Canada. Mr. Power was born in Belleville, Canada, in 1871, where he managed Carman and Power's Opera House for seven years. He then accepted the position of general representative of the Chicago Marine Band, which covered two years of his time. Later he was American manager for Lieutenant Dan Godfrey's British Guards' Band in London, England, for two very long and successful tours, the second of which ran 36,000 miles. At the close of the second tour Mr. Power assumed the management of the grand opera Torelli, which employed 500 people, assisted by the Boston Festival Orchestra of 40 pieces. "The Kitties" are now on their sixth trans-continental tour, which will run 25,000 miles. All prominent cities will be visited from coast to coast and south to the Gulf of Mexico.

## YOUNG TOBE HOXIE.

A play that promises to prove one of the features of the next dramatic season in the way of new productions is Young Tobe Hoxie, a pastoral comedy-drama by Ernest Lannon. The new play, it is said, will combine in attractive form a wide range of the ingredients of human nature—passion, romance, ambition, laughter, tears, excitement, sentiment and every variety all the rest of life's component elements. An elaborate scenic production will be presented and a wealth of paper will distinguish the preliminary work. The company, to be headed by Mr. Lannon himself, will be first-class in every particular. Arrangements are in charge of Charles D. Miller, 314 West Fortieth street, New York city.

## CORLISS GILES.

Few actors have met with the success in a short time as has Corliss Giles, whose portrait appears in this number. Mr. Giles will for two seasons with the Castle Square Opera company in Boston, with which he gained much valuable experience as well as the favor of patrons and fellow actors. After his present engagement he was engaged to play the part of Arthur Hastings in the production of Quincy Adams Sawyer, in which role he appears to particular advantage and is winning praise from both press and public.

## MATTERS OF FACT.

Arthur G. Thomas is business-manager this season for J. M. Ward and R. L. Craven's A Gambler's Daughter (drama).

The Kentucky Paducah's new 300,000 theatre, is now booking next season. Manager James R. English claims that it is the best one-night stand in the South.

Clara Allen Bourne, late leading woman in James O'Neill's Monte Cristo, is at liberty to appear in one play or in stock. Her address is 408 West Twenty-third Street, this city.

The Five Noses, presenting their charming musical sketch, A Night in Venice, now have an act which will be hard to imitate. Their scenery is superb and their costumes elegant. Taken in its entirety, the act is totally unlike anything of a musical character in variety. As they are all exceptionally clever artists and play only selections from the best known opera, their act is bound to appeal to the most refined tastes. They are meeting with success everywhere.

Bonham's Opera House, at Chicago Heights, Ill., has open time in January, February and March, and is also looking for new acts. Full information may be obtained by addressing the manager, William Bonham.

The Grand Opera House, Charleston, Mo., has open time after Dec. 27 for good companies. Leib and Schmuck, the managers, announce that business has been splendid so far this season.

Charles L. Lister, 20 West Twenty-eighth Street, New York city, has a fine line of wigs and toupees, and his prices of grease paints, powders and hermetically sealed cold cream is guaranteed.

M. Stein's cold cream is well known to the members of the profession, and is particularly valued by them because it always stays fresh. A sample will be sent to any one upon application.

Edward H. Hoyt, the well-known young Shakespearean actor, is playing Mercutio this season in Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet company, and is winning high compliments upon his impersonation.

Grace Addison has made quite a success at Keith's Bijou Theatre, Philadelphia. She has made a hit in every part she has played so far and is establishing herself as a favorite with the people of the Quaker City.

"Polopants" is the name of a new nail polishing paste that is being widely used by discriminating people. It will be sent by mail for 25 cents per jar by the Pennington Manufacturing Company, 505 Broadway, New York.

Robinson and Company, of 1200 Broadway, New York, are hustling agents who make a specialty of representing out-of-town managers. They have a list of first-class artists in every line of work and can fill any vacancy on short notice.

Lillian Lawrence, whose long term as leading woman with the Castle Square Stock company, Boston, is a part of the theatrical history of the Hub, still remains at the head of this famous company, of which she is the chief magnet.

Smith and Bowman, who wrote "Good Morning, Carrie," and other popular song songs, are making a hit in vaudeville with their refined singing act. They have a few open weeks, which are in charge of William Morris, 311 East Fourteenth Street.

Licia Moore, whose extended experience as a leading woman with stock companies has placed her name among those of the representative stock actresses of the country, is now the leading woman of the Hop-kim stock company, Memphis, Tenn.

Milton Ahorn has perfected arrangements whereby he will produce opera in the following places this Spring and Summer: The Orpheum, Brooklyn; She's theatres in Toronto and Buffalo; The Arno, in Montreal; Chase's, Washington; Garden, Cleveland, and the Auditorium, Cincinnati. Associated with Milton Ahorn will be George Ahorn, who will have the direct management of the ten companies. Milton Ahorn will be the general director and producer. The plan is to produce such operas as The Highwayman, The Wedding Day, The Wizard of the Nile, The Jolly Musketeer, The Borevado, and Rob Roy. The original costumes and scenery of all these operas have been bought from their owners.

Twenty-six thousand Taylor trucks were sold during 1902, which is proof positive of their popularity with the members of the profession. The Taylor truck has been on the market for many years and when the doughty burro became master of the trade-mark of the motor to drivers to the truck with great respect, for the Taylor truck was giving his attacks for years with great success. The manufacturers have offices in New York and Chicago and will cheerfully send catalogues on application.

William Morris, the reliable vaudeville agent, announces that he is still at the same office stand, and extends his best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all his friends and family. His handsome offices at 111 East Fourteenth Street, New York, are thronged all day long, and Mr. Morris and his staff are kept as busy as any family of bees ever were. Mr. Morris is noted for his courtesy and efficiency in handling good acts, and can always plan a meritorious novelty where it can be used to advantage.

Charles R. Grapewin, who has been a headliner in vaudeville for several seasons, will branch out as a star next season, under the management of Samuel L. Tuck, in a three-act comedy by Mr. Grapewin, called Master Plan, founded on The Awakening of Pimm, the old sketch in which Mr. Grapewin has proven himself a comic genius. The new act will open early next fall. Mr. Tuck will organize a capable company to support Mr. Grapewin. His principal support will be Anna Chance. The production will be on an elaborate scale. Special scenery and costumes and very artistic printing are already under way.

Drew A. Morton, who is at present filling the important position of stage director at the Columbia Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., has had a varied experience in theatricals. For five seasons he was stage director at the Theatre Francaise, Montreal, for two seasons at the Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, and has also been connected in a similar capacity with other dramatic enterprises. He is the author of the well-known play, Hell's Kitchen, based on the Paul and Elizet Justice. As an actor Mr. Morton has innumerable successes to his credit. He makes a specialty of reading, rewriting and producing plays, and his record is a sufficient guarantee of his ability.

Harry Beresford has been highly successful in his starring tour, under management of J. T. Colleton. His production of The Woman Mr. Wright has met with approval at every notable house. Emil Ankemiller is with the company and Pete Rice in advance. The Brooks Brothers, Sam and Max, who do a black and white face talking and singing act in one, have had well received this season on the Keith circuit and in other first-class houses. They invite others for

this and next season and will receive letters at 82 Major Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Baltimore, Md., Music Hall is the largest and finest theatre in the Commercial City and looks out only the highest class of attractions, such as the Marine Corps company, Mrs. Fiske, James K. Hall, and Maurice Chevalier. Manager Bernhard Ulrich has good open time after Jan. 1.

McIntyre and Heath, the popular black-face comedians, who are in constant demand, desire to thank the managers who have made them so many kind offers, but as they have signed with Martin Beck for the next three years they will be unable to accept.

The Maximilian, O., Show Print offers a new style of pictorial work that looks like lithography and is claimed to be almost as good, while much cheaper. Prints are accepted only for special work in full edition, and samples and prices will be sent upon application.

Corley and Burke, "the Irish Noblemen," comedians, vocalists and dancers, are making a great success in vaudeville this season. They have a brisk, lively style of bringing their witticisms and their act is full of action from start to finish. Their whereabouts now, at present, is "Look Out for the Town Timp."

"State Stories" is the title of a new book by W. P. Schiller, author and choirmaster of St. Peter's Cathedral, New York. In this volume Mr. Schiller demonstrates that any one can learn to read music and sing it at sight without a teacher. It will be sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents by the author.

Ole Virginia, a comedy-drama in four acts, introducing famous historical characters, may be had on royalty. It depicts life in Virginia before the war and illustrates the chivalry of the genuine old South. Full information concerning the play may be had from the author, T. P. Sullivan, Oriental Hotel, Dallas, Texas.

The Troubadour Four, Harry Thornton, Nat Wines, Bert Eaton, and William Fuller, are a special feature this season with Yale and Ellis' spectacle, The Evil Eye, introducing their original comedy creation, Odds and Ends from Here and There. In addition to their specialty they are playing the principal parts in the piece. Their permanent address is 301 West Twenty-fourth Street, New York.

The City Opera House at Port Huron, Mich., is the finest theatre in the city. It is under the management of Lewis T. Bennett, whose conduct of the house has won the enthusiastic praise of every manager that has ever played with him. Mr. Bennett has some good open time after Jan. 1 and would be pleased to hear from managers of good attractions.

Miss Hayes, the costumer, moved up to New York, where she has met with success in her business. Among recent productions that she has dressed are Our Queen, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Captain Mille, Smart House's Comedy of Errors, Le Moyne's Amours, The Present, James O'Neill's Androgyne, and some portions of The Eternal City, as well as The Wizard of Oz.

Dick Farris, by his able management of popular girls' attractions, in his theatre, has gained considerable reputation in that locality. He gives his personal attention to every detail of his attractions, yet finds time occasionally to appear with his stock company in Minneapolis, where his headquarters are located.

Albert Conway, the director of the School of Acting connected with the Chicago Musical College, has turned out a large number of very successful players, who are enthusiastic in their praise of the thoroughness of Mr. Conway's methods. He may be addressed care of William H. Siegfeld, 302 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Harriette Worms, the beautiful and accomplished leading woman, announces that she is at liberty for any line of work, from Shakespeare to vaudeville, musical comedy or "principal boy." Miss Worms is very versatile and is equally clever in comedy or serious work. She may be addressed care of the Actors' Society.

Butterfield and Bromilow, whose offices are at 344 Broadway, have, besides their very successful melodrama Man to Man, two new attractions in preparation. A large comic melodrama by Owen Davis is in preparation, and a new three-act musical farce, to be called The Girl from the South, will be well-received.

Dick Farris, by his able management of popular girls' attractions, in his theatre, has gained considerable reputation in that locality. He gives his personal attention to every detail of his attractions, yet finds time occasionally to appear with his stock company in Minneapolis, where his headquarters are located.

The Hayes Costume Company, one of the oldest establishments of its kind in the city, is now located at 280 Seventh Avenue. In the past the company has furnished costumes for many of the most notable productions that the local stage has known, and its business has steadily grown since then in scope and importance. The company manufactures and deals in theatrical goods of every description.

Pinch's Theatre, in San Francisco, which is managed by E. H. Pinch, and for the Pinch-Behrman company, is one of the most popular playhouses on the coast. For some time past nothing but the successful burlesque, as done at Weber and Fields' Broadway Music Hall have been played, and they have met with wonderful success. Fiddie-Dee, Hurly-Burly, Pussie Cat, and Whirl-I-Gle have all been open, and The Gasser is now playing to full houses. There are openings for first-class performers who are requested to communicate with Pinch and Behrman.

Rice and Ody are now in their second season with the Fiddie-Dee company, playing the roles originated by Weber and Fields, which they have filled to the entire satisfaction of managers, owners and critics. The girls have won over wider success than the originals and are naturally styled as a result. Their company is playing only the principal cities, and Rice and Ody have established themselves in popular favor everywhere Fiddie-Dee has been seen.

The Smiley Stock Club, including the very clever Smiley children, is always a welcome addition to the vaudeville bill. Their sketch, The Little Sister, is one of the most popular burlesques on the coast. For some time past nothing but the successful burlesque, as done at Weber and Fields' Broadway Music Hall have been played, and they have met with wonderful success. Fiddie-Dee, Hurly-Burly, Pussie Cat, and Whirl-I-Gle have all been open, and The Gasser is now playing to full houses. There are openings for first-class performers who are requested to communicate with Pinch and Behrman.

Harry Dool Parker's production of Lottie Blair Parker's pretty play, Under Southern Skies, with a complete scenic equipment and a fine cast of twenty-seven people, under the general stage direction of Edward Forrest, is one of the most attractive offerings ever put forward by any manager. Under Southern Skies has the promise of a genuine New York success behind it and Mr. Parker's new play, in conjunction with J. T. Colleton's, will make an attractive production of a new play, called Light of Home, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

Edwin H. Low, of Low's Steamship Agency, is constantly increasing his list of professional artists. During the past year he has brought over a number of companies, native from Europe, and he has arranged the foreign vacation tours of scores of American players. His offices are at 1123 Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Browning, who have for several seasons been prima favorites in vaudeville, have made an unusual success in their new act, A Merry Christmas; or, The Story of Santa Claus. The act is full of fun and will be well received by the critics of this city. They were among the best-known, and succeeded in winning great favor with the patrons of the house, who are rather hard to please.

Winter Baltimore rye whiskey has for many years been known to and appreciated by those who discriminate in the matter of drink. One of the most famous players on the American stage has referred to it as "a rare beverage," and there are few better lights in the profession who give its well-earned champion. It is a whiskey notable for its purity, quality and the flavor that is attained only by age.

McGraw has been engaged as leading heavy with the Keith Stock company at the Bijou Theatre, Philadelphia. Mr. McGraw has a splendid presence and a fine voice and has played a wide range of parts. He was especially successful during a recent lengthy engagement with the F. F. Foster Big Stock company.

The Campbell Stratton company, under the direction of C. J. W. Roe, opened Dec. 1 at the Bijou Theatre, Syracuse, N. Y., with the following supporting company: Campbell Stratton, C. J. W. Roe, Harry M. Nichols, Earl Bell, William J. Ladd, Joseph L. Roe, Arthur Kelly, Louis A. Miller, Richard O. Gordon, James Alvin, James Driscoll, Walter L. Russell, Ben Stickey, J. Abbott Worthy, John Manly, Harland M. Davis, Business-manager; Mamie Sheridan Wolford, Emma Italia, Lora Rogers, Evelyn Lorraine, Nellie Leonard, May Gordon-Price. Plays presented are Slaves of Russia, Man's Enemy. Private Show, New Year's Day. The Indian, Robert Emmett, Jessie James, Harry Tracy, Dora Thorne, New Year's Eve, and Christmas.

Victor De Lucy, character comedian, with an extensive repertoire in operas and dramas, is disappeared. His address is 11 Adams Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Festive  
ChristmasHunter  
Baltimore  
Rye

Contributes largely to  
the genial hospitality  
of this happy season.

It takes precedence  
from its superb quality,  
age, purity, flavor.

Sold at all first-class cafés and by jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Owing to the unusual expansion of Christmas advertising and other extra features for this number of THE MIRROR, much of the correspondence is deferred until next week.



## SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Annie Oakley made a very good impression in *The Western Girl* at the Court Square 1. She does her shooting in a straightforward manner, as she does her acting. Her performance of *Christina McCormick's* drama, which is better than the average border play, gives her many opportunities for both action and comedy. In one of the episodes she escapes from a room in which she is held by the male and female villains by snuffing out the candle by a shot and getting away in the darkness. The support is well selected.

A drawing from *Mass* was presented a week ago and everyone, the majority say, came to. There are drawings from the leading cities that used to come in a steady stream. A many good one of the theatre, revealing to lead a different life. Ruth Wyman Matheson was very effective as *Everyone*, but the actor who impersonated Death will never become a matinee girl's favorite. The house was not filled and revenue, over the week with the opening of *Death*, was not up to date. The *Death* was, however, a hit. The draw was good, but the week, as the condition was the reverse of the whole, as of "The Good Old Homecoming," that was very touching. Several houses in the audience wished and a few said "Good-bye" to *Death*. William Gillette, who played for the *Death*, reflected by giving a three performance of *Death* followed by *Mass*.

On the former *Mass* was *Mass* 12, 13, *Death* 14, *Death* 15-16, *Death* 17, *Mass* in *Pretty Pictures* 18. *The Willows* 19. *Grace George* in *Pretty Pictures* 20.

Lord Strayor or Stokes was the *Bill* at the *Metropolitan* 21. He has thought that the title applied to the play, as he had been gathered together, for they had originally written it for the first time, but this was of course not the case. The *Bill* was a hit.

The *Grand Opera House* was occupied 1-2 by *Willa* *Willa* 3, presenting in *Atlantic City* and *Two Old Friends* with moderate success. A feature was the successive dances of *Richards*, impersonating a girl. The *Bill* of the week was 22, when *Laurel* 23, *Laurel* 24, *Chicago* 25, with the exception of *Laurel* 26, *Laurel* 27, *Laurel* 28, *Laurel* 29, *Laurel* 30, *Laurel* 31, *Laurel* 32, *Laurel* 33, *Laurel* 34, *Laurel* 35, *Laurel* 36, *Laurel* 37, *Laurel* 38, *Laurel* 39, *Laurel* 40, *Laurel* 41, *Laurel* 42, *Laurel* 43, *Laurel* 44, *Laurel* 45, *Laurel* 46, *Laurel* 47, *Laurel* 48, *Laurel* 49, *Laurel* 50, *Laurel* 51, *Laurel* 52, *Laurel* 53, *Laurel* 54, *Laurel* 55, *Laurel* 56, *Laurel* 57, *Laurel* 58, *Laurel* 59, *Laurel* 60, *Laurel* 61, *Laurel* 62, *Laurel* 63, *Laurel* 64, *Laurel* 65, *Laurel* 66, *Laurel* 67, *Laurel* 68, *Laurel* 69, *Laurel* 70, *Laurel* 71, *Laurel* 72, *Laurel* 73, *Laurel* 74, *Laurel* 75, *Laurel* 76, *Laurel* 77, *Laurel* 78, *Laurel* 79, *Laurel* 80, *Laurel* 81, *Laurel* 82, *Laurel* 83, *Laurel* 84, *Laurel* 85, *Laurel* 86, *Laurel* 87, *Laurel* 88, *Laurel* 89, *Laurel* 90, *Laurel* 91, *Laurel* 92, *Laurel* 93, *Laurel* 94, 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## TELEGRAPHIC NEWS

CHICAGO.

Much of Moment in the Windy City—Good Dramatic Feast for Christmas.

(Special to The Mirror.)

CHICAGO, Dec. 13.

We are saying good-bye to-night to Hopper and Bell at the Grand, to the Suburban at McVicker's, and E. H. Sothern at Powers'. Elsie De Wolf remains for another week at the Illinois, and at the Studebaker the Castle Square continues. Of those who go away we dislike most to part with Hopper and Bell, for in Mr. Pickwick they have filled the Grand and made a big hit with their clever associates in a clean and delightful entertainment.

Manager Harry G. Summers, of your Kukla-bocker Theatre, was married here last Wednesday evening, his bride being charming Miss Sterns.

M. Sothern has been playing *If I Were King* to large houses at Powers', and all day long he has been rehearsing *Hamlet*. He leaves for the East to-night, and next Monday evening he will be succeeded by Miss Virginia Harned in *Pinero's Iris*. Robert Edison will follow Miss Harned New Year's week in *Soldiers of Fortune*.

At the Studebaker this week the Castle Square Opera company has made a big hit in the new opera, *Tosca*, which had but one previous representation here and that in Italian at the Auditorium. Next week the company will revel in that old favorite, *The Bohemian Girl*.

It has now been decided to devote all of the nine performances to be given by Madame Due during the coming fortnight at the Grand Opera House to *Francesca da Rimini*. Next Monday evening the house will be given over to the annual holiday concert of the Yale Glee Club—the Hamline all being Yale boys—and Madame Due opens Tuesday night.

The stock company up at the Columbus has been meeting with good favor during the week in a very creditable production of *Julius Caesar*. Leo Astay is to follow, and Anna Sutherland will return to the cast after a well earned rest. Clara Knut having been playing *Portia* in her stead. Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis will sing between the acts next week, and *Cinderella* is in preparation for Christmas week.

The Great Northern will keep south of Mass. and Dixon's line, as The Heart of Maryland will be succeeded to-morrow by Williams and Walker in a new entertainment.

The last "Suburban" will be started at McVicker's Saturday, and Sunday week Mr. Lot's other successful melodrama, *In Old Kentucky*, comes for a merry holiday season.

Down at the Dearborn the stock company has had a very good week with Mrs. Dana's *Deafness*, and it will be followed by the Starbucks, which will be revived by a strong cast, including John D. O'Hara, an old Chicago boy.

Over of the River to-morrow in Covell's Stripes will be succeeded by An American Gentleman, and further along Halsted Street, at the Academy of Music, McFadden's *Row of Fists* will be followed by a new farce entitled *Just Struck Town*.

Up at the Alhambra to-morrow Howard Hall, who has been playing with lions in *The Man Who Dared*, will be succeeded by home play in McFadden's *Row of Fists*.

Over at Glickman's Tiddish Theatre the other night the juvenile men and the matricule were seated on the stage, in full view of the audience, by a local rabbi, and for a wedding present the audience handed them over the gross receipts.

The 125th performance of *Chow Chow* was celebrated by the distribution of souvenirs to the ladies last night. One of the popular songs of the burlesque has been cut out because of the number of its owners, the management having observed that said owners were invited by a group of young men representing the publisher of the song.

George Hamlin gives another of his popular Sunday afternoon concerts at the Grand to-morrow, assisted by Zelle de Lassan, the soprano.

Elsie De Wolfe is attracting large audiences to the Illinois in Clyde Fitch's play, *The Way of the World*.

Over at the American to-morrow the stock company will follow *A Soldier of the Empire* with *The Embassy Ball*.

Manager Lincoln J. Carter has gone East to stop the run of the railroad scene, which he claims, in *The Ninety and Nine*.

The Players' Stock company, headed by Emmett Corrigan and Jane Keenan, has been doing very well over at the Bush Temple of Music, presenting *The Lottery of Love*.

Leopold Koenig was the soloist with the Thomas Orchestra at the Auditorium concerts this week.

A Rained Life will follow *A Desperate Chance* over at the Criterion this week.

"RUFF" HALL.

BOSTON.

Closing and New Attractions—The Strike Situation—Mascagni Decision.

(Special to The Mirror.)

BOSTON, Dec. 13.

There will be several changes of bill of interest in Boston next week, but perhaps the most important of all will be at the Hollis, where Mrs. Leslie Carter will open with *Da Bury* for a long run.

*Sally in Our Alley* will come to the Boston for an engagement a little earlier than had been anticipated at the opening of the season, but following when *Johnny Comes Marching Home* has a good time.

Kyrie Bellows will conclude his fortnight's engagement at the Museum with *A Gentleman of France*, that was not received especially well by the critics, although all agreed that Mr. Bellows' work as a romantic star was excellent.

Francis Wilson is another who concludes his engagement in Boston next week. His four weeks at the Colonial have not all been crowded, but the business has been good.

The Sultan of Sulu has been doing splendid business thus far at the Tremont and seems to follow in the line of *Savage* success. It is a fun maker and beauty show combined and the large audiences are well satisfied. It will hold the stage until James K. Hackett brings *The Crisis*.

Boston has one less stock company, for Cora Payton's players will give their final performance at the Park to-night with Dr. Jeay and Mr. Hyde, and then the house will remain dark for a week until *Erlanger* comes.

The Castle Square remains just as popular as ever and will succeed the crowded fortnight with *The Christian* with a revival of *A Young Wife*.

Another former success will be revived by the stock company of the Bowdoin Square next week—*Coon Hollow*.

Not Guilty will be the melodramatic offering at the Grand Opera House next week.

Boston Music Hall will give a change of bill in Spotswood Town by Gus Hill's company. For the holiday season a children's theatre has been opened here in the Japanese garden, where frequent performances are given, with moving pictures and novelties calculated to please the younger generation.

The Show Girl will continue its successful stay at the Columbia, and no limit is yet announced for the stay of Hice's company.

Quite the most important feature of the present week in Boston has been the theatrical ball, which drew a large attendance of college students and chorus girls to Symphony Hall on Thursday evening.

All the week the hearing in the labor question involved in the strike upon the Majestic has been going on before Frank N. May, who sits as master in the hearing in the contempt proceedings brought by Lynch and Woodbury against J. T. Cashman and other members of the Building

Trades Council. The hearers have heard much about the ordering of strikes and other labor matters, but that has not hastened along the opening of the Majestic any. The date is still unsettled, as is the decision in this hearing.

Judge Richardson has decided the *Mangnai* case in one respect and holds that the Mittenthal will not have to go to the Italian courts, since the composer must contest here, as the alleged breach of contract occurred in this city.

A. H. Chamberlin, of the Columbia, who is still very ill at his home in Brighton, is reported as considerably better now and his recovery is thought certain.

A decided change in booking has been made at the Museum, and Lulu Glaser and Dolly Vernon will not come here at all. On the other hand, A Country Girl from Daly's will be brought here for a run.

JAY R. BURTON.

PHILADELPHIA.

Programmes in Quakerstown—Duse and Everyman Unappreciated.

(Special to The Mirror.)

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 12.

The two weeks' engagement of Eleonora Duse at the Garrick came not up to expectations, the public for some unaccountable reason failing to appreciate this great artist. Mrs. Patrick Campbell opens Dec. 15 for two weeks with *The Joy of Living* and repertoire.

The Broad Street Theatre announces William Gillette in *Sherlock Holmes* Dec. 15 for a week. John Drew follows for two weeks.

A Chinese Honeymoon (No. 2) remains one more week at the Chestnut Street Theatre. The Rogers Brothers, Dec. 22, two weeks.

The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast continues at the Chestnut Street Opera House.

The New Clown, with Dan Daly, holds the week of Dec. 15 at the Walnut Street. Louis Harrison, Marci Osborne, Eugene Haydon, Katherine Call, Tom Brown, Bert Thayer, Dummer Gurd, Cradle Carlyle, and Hila Montreville will be in the cast.

The Auditorium, with A Runaway Girl, played the week to immense patronage and well pleased audience. Fock and His Mother-in-Law Dec. 15. Bolivar's Easy Day Dec. 22.

Ariane remains for a second week at the Park and then goes to the People's for week of Dec. 22. Neil Dyer in *The County Fair* comes to the Park Christmas week.

The Little Mother will be presented at the National Dec. 15 for a week.

A Thrushes' Trap is the offering Dec. 15 for a week at the Kennington.

For Her Children's Sake will be the attraction Dec. 15 at the People's, to be followed by Ariane.

Everyman at Horticultural Hall failed to attract.

Keith's Bijou Stock will present *The Lost Paradise* week of Dec. 15. Robert Elliot and Moto Maynard are no longer with the organization.

The cast will include Malcolm Williams, Edna Phillips, Beatrice Ingram, Grace Addams, Irene Caldera, Edwin Nicola, and Eddie Collins.

The Girard Avenue Theatre Stock, with Leonora Von Oettinger and Thomas McGrath in leading roles, will appear in *A Wife's Peril* week of Dec. 15.

Two Nights in a Barroom will be the attraction offered by the Pennsylvania Stock company week of Dec. 15, with Florence Roberts and Louis Leon Hall in prominent parts.

The Grand Opera House Stock company continues to large audiences. Northern Lights is the offering Dec. 15 for a week with Maud Odell, Isabelle Stevens, Harrison J. Wolff, and Forrest Cummings in the cast. The Christian is in rehearsal for early production.

Carrie Bradlee's Stock at the Columbia appears week of Dec. 15 in *The Pearl of Savoy*.

Darcy and Speck's Stock company at the Standard revive on Dec. 15 *The City of New York*.

The Winter German Stock company at the Arch Street announces a varied repertoire for the coming week: The Robbers, *Pension Schedler*, *Der Stabat Mater*, *Mary Stuart*, and a new farce, *Proprietary*.

Dunster's Minstrels at the Eleventh Street Opera House, with William Henry Rice, retain the present bill next week; business exceedingly large.

Italian opera at the Academy of Music, under Maurice Grau, is booked for only two performances during the holidays, Dec. 22 and 23.

S. FRANCIS.

(Special to The Mirror.)

WASHINGTON.

Dramatic and Musical Events—Gossip of the Capital.

(Special to The Mirror.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.

Martin Harvey is the Columbia announcement for Dec. 15, with *The Only Way*.

The Wilderettes, presented by the Empire Theatre, headed by Charles Richman and Margaret Anglin, is the National's bill for the coming week. William Courtney, W. H. Creighton, M. V. Buckley, Lawrence D'Orsay, George Osborne, Jr., Frank Browne, Ethel Hornick, Mrs. Thomas White, Mrs. W. G. Jones, Kate Patterson-Scott, Lillian Thurgate, Grace Galliard, Amy Meier, Eliza Barricello, and Donald Galliard are in the company. R. H. Sothern follows.

Lavinia Shannon, a new star coming next week to the Lafayette Square Opera House, in *Bayard Pardon*, will receive a sincere welcome. Washington Lodge of Elks will attend the opening, as Miss Shannon is an honorary member.

A Montana Outlaw is the Academy of Music offering commencing Monday.

Morgan Sherwood, of the National, celebrates his silver wedding to-day.

Ned Stein, treasurer of the Columbia, is secretary of the local branch of the Flying Squadron. James F. Payne, formerly manager of Eddie R. Spence, Russ Whately and other stars, and now connected with the Washington Post, has taken the management of Sherwood and Dennis' Joan of Arc company.

Mary Shaw's special matinee of *Ghosts*, supported by George Fawcett's company, was given Wednesday, postponed from Tuesday, by request. This was the first Washington hearing and the Columbia Theatre held a large audience. The presentation was complete and Miss Shaw scored a distinct success.

Frank Smith, formerly assistant treasurer of the National Theatre, has gone to New York to fill a like position at the Garden Theatre.

The Kneller Quartet's second Tuesday afternoon concert at the Raleigh Hotel Dec. 9 was again a crowded affair. JOHN T. WARD.

CINCINNATI.

Anna Held at the Grand—Coming Attractions—The Pike—News Jott.

(Special to The Mirror.)

CINCINNATI, Dec. 12.

The Little Duchess caught the fancy of theatregoers Dec. 7-12, and as a consequence Anna Held's engagement at the Grand proved by far the most successful she has ever played here. De Wolf Hopper, who takes the time originally allotted to Lulu Glaser, is to open Dec. 15 in Mr. Pickwick.

Eugenia Blair makes her first stellar appearance here at the Walnut Dec. 14 in *Zaza*.

Ward and Vokes in a new edition of *The Head-Waiters* Dec. 14-20.

The Pike will offer Robert Hilliard's old success, *Twenty-Four Hours* 14-30. Not many farces have been offered at this house lately, and the indications in advance are that its patrons will relish the change in fare.

To-morrow night's bill at the German Theatre will be Richard Farn's four-act comedy, *Der Ersatzkasper*.

The James Boys in Missouri is to be the week's attraction at the Lyceum. George Kistiak and Alma Heard head the company.

Manager Anderson, of the Walnut and Coliseum,

has, who has been confined to his house for some time by illness, is able to be out again.

Anna Eva Fay's engagement at Robinson's, that close-to-night, has been very successful. An extra matinee was given yesterday to accommodate the crowds.

The Fiddle-Dee-Dee company did not arrive in time last Sunday to give this afternoon performance at the Walnut, and they made up the loss by an extra matinee yesterday.

The Lagoon, that has been closed for several seasons, has been purchased by the Ludlow Realty Company, who will reopen this once popular park next season.

H. A. SUTTON.

BALTIMORE.

The Week's Bills in the Monumental City—Plays and Concerts.

(Special to The Mirror.)

BALTIMORE, Dec. 12.

The attraction at Ford's next week will be Son Toy, with Samuel Collins, Eddie Bowes, Robert Smock, Lowell Hall, Savory Lambert, George K. Porteque, Nellie Lynch, Nagie Barry, Nora Lambert, and Joseph Canto.

Everyman will be shown at the Academy of Music beginning Monday.

Next week at Chase's the George Pawett Stock company will revive *Romeo and Juliet*. Frank Gillmore and Grace Kinnell will play the leads.

Across the Pacific is the bill for the Holiday Street Theatre next week.

Bolivar's Busy Day will be seen at the Auditorium Music Hall next week.

The Schumann-Heink concert at the Music Hall last night was a decided success. It was for the benefit of Vacation Lodge, a resort maintained by charity for the children of the poor. Society girls acted as ushers and distributed programmes.

Ex-Governor Frank Brown has purchased three lots in North Charles Street, near Saratoga. It is rumored that the purchase was made for the erection of a new theatre. This could not be confirmed positively, but all indications point that way. The location is one of the best in the city for that purpose.

Professor Frederick N. Warren, Ph.D., of Yale University, has been giving a series of lectures on the modern French drama at McCoy Hall. They have been remarkably well attended and greatly enjoyed. The subject of his last lecture was the theatre of Corneille, Moliere, and Racine.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a delightful concert at Music Hall on Tuesday. The soloist was Anton Van Rooy.

The second Kneisel Quartet concert took place at Peabody Hall on Wednesday. The soloist was Harold Randolph. The fourth Peabody recital was given at the hall yesterday. Marie Gaul, Maud Randolph, and J. C. Van Hulstein participated.

## AT THE THEATRES

To be reviewed in *The Mirror* next week:

Heidelberg ..... Princess  
The Peddler ..... Fourteenth Street  
When Johnny Comes Marching Home. New York

## Irving Place—The Bureaucrat.

Comedy in four acts, by Gustav von Moser. Produced Dec. 8.

Count Meng ..... Franz Klemisch  
Ella ..... Hedwig v. Osterman  
Bleiss ..... Max Haeseler  
Lemke ..... Willy Frey  
Karoline ..... Georgine Neudorf  
Gertrude ..... Irina Brandt  
Albert ..... Gustav Klemisch  
Robert ..... Otto Goll  
Sebald ..... Michael Schlesinger  
Lou Eberhard ..... Matthias Claudius  
Priscilla ..... Carl Barthwitz  
Charlotte ..... Louise Setzer

Gustav von Moser's four-act comedy, *The Bureaucrat*, which, though not a new play, had never been seen in New York before, was a considerable success of approval at the Irving Place Theatre last Tuesday night. It is called a comedy, but it belongs more properly under the classification of farce, all the characteristics of which it possesses—a general inconsequentiality, no attempt at character drawing, no effort at a transcript from real life, but a constant striving for comic effect, generally obtained by odd situations. *The Bureaucrat* is a worthy representative of its class. It is clean, wholesome and genuinely amusing. Once started it moves steadily. The fun soon becomes fast and furious and there is no let-up until the final curtain. It shows no sign of age and, in spite of the fifteen years or more to its credit, its situations seem fresh and unhampered. The nearest approach to character drawing in the play is in the case of the bureaucrat himself. It was but a superficial attempt, however, and the worthy Lemke was sacrificed on the altar of the farcical treatment.

The story of the play follows: Count Meng has long set his heart on the marriage of his daughter Ella to her cousin Eberhard. Neither of the young people seems particularly attracted to the other. Rosen, a government official visiting the Count, plans a course of action which, he says, is sure to bring matters to a crisis. Each is to be told that the other is dying of love. Trial is made of the plan, but without result. Ella's friend, Anna Lemke, is loved by a young musician, Kraft, and returns his love. Eberhard is an involuntary witness of the workings of love as exemplified by these two. He becomes curious and decides to investigate the subject on his own account. To pursue his studies he pretends to go on a journey, but, instead, he hires quarters under an assumed name at the house of Lemke, a minor official, wrapped in red tape, and seeing no good in anything outside of office under the State. His wife, Karoline, has forced him to lend his assistance to an amateur performance for charity and this proposed performance is to have serious results for himself. The old Eberhard makes excellent progress in his chosen pursuit, especially since he has a new case to study, that of Lemke's second daughter, Gertrude, who loves Kraft, a poor writer, also a lodger under the Lemke roof-tree. The father quickly makes friends with Eberhard, whom he supposes to belong to the same profession as Sebald. Unhile Sebald, however, the young man appears to have money. He plays the host to his landlord and pines him with wine from his uncle's cellar. Lemke is considerably elevated by what he has drunk. He confides to his companion the views of a hen-pecked husband on the subject of matrimony. These views Eberhard carefully transcribes and later on furnishes to the papers under Lemke's signature. Meanwhile news comes that one of the persons to appear in the play is unwilling to assume his part, that of a valet. Karoline decides upon her husband as a substitute. Between his wife, Eberhard and the wine he has drunk the unhappy bureaucrat is brought to consent to his appearance in the guise of the valet. He has barely put on the valet's dress when Rosen appears and is horrified by his subordinate's behavior. Ella thinks her cousin loves Anna and from that moment knows that she herself loves the reprobate. Eberhard reciprocates her affection, and he very soon convinces her that he is sincere in his protestations of love. Through him Lemke receives promotion, instead of dismissal from the service of the State. The old man is so mellowed by his good fortune that he consents to the marriage of Gertrude with Sebald and of Anna with Kraft.

The farce was well within the grasp of Herr Coardi's company. They had caught the spirit of the piece and they carried it through to the end with unflagging energy. Willy Frey in the title-role showed himself possessed of no mean ability as a character actor. He came as near making Lemke a creature of flesh and blood as anyone could. The gradual change, under the influence of wine, from the harsh disciplinarian to the genial toper was capital. Georgine Neudorf as the wife, Karoline, gave a technically flawless piece of work. Otto Ott, best led in Eberhard one of those parts in which he delighted and which he knows so well how to depict—full of bonhomie and joy of life. He fairly breathes life from his finger-tips. Hedwig von Osterman looked well and acted charmingly as the backbitch Ella. The Count Meng of Franz Klemisch was, as is usual with him, a careful piece of work. Max Haeseler was a capital Rosen. Matthias Claudius was irresistibly amusing as Kraft. Greta Kupfer was adequate as Anna.

Old Heidelberg will be the attraction at the Irving Place all of this week. Next (Christmas) week there will be daily matinees of a piece for children, entitled *Max and Moritz*, from the pen of Leopold Gunther. On New Year's Eve *Jugendfreude*, a comedy in four acts by Ludwig Fuhr, will be presented, and the following night Frederick Bonn will open his engagement with *Hamlet*.

## Criterion—The Cavalier.

Drama in four acts, by Paul Kester and George Middleton. Produced Dec. 8.

General Austin ..... Francis Kingdon  
Colonel James Harper ..... Clarence Handasyde  
Colonel Francis Oliver ..... Frank Worthing  
Colonel Major Fury ..... William Leavers  
Richard Thompson Smith ..... William Conant  
Colonel Robert Jewett ..... Edgar L. Coleman  
Major Armstrong ..... Frederick Burt  
Lieutenant Ralph Gilmer ..... Frank Bucher  
Captain Quinn ..... Chester Beckett  
Uncle Isaac ..... Charles H. Bradshaw  
Charlotte Durand ..... Julia Marlowe  
Major Oliver ..... Eddie May  
Captain Harper ..... Ned Webb  
Lieutenant Gilmer ..... Gwendolyn Valentine  
Olive Oliver ..... Katherine Wilson  
Tilly ..... Tilly

The first performance by Julia Marlowe and her supporting company of *The Cavalier* drew a large audience together at the Criterion Theatre last Monday night. Miss Marlowe had been absent from the local stage for a considerable period and during that time had been through an unfortunate production and had endured a stage of illness. Her many admirers therefore rallied with double enthusiasm to her support and gave her an unusually hearty welcome.

The *Cavalier* is a dramatization, by Paul Kester and George Middleton, of George W. Cable's novel of the same name. Rather, it should be said, that the play is founded upon the novel, since many liberties have been taken with the story, and the graces of Mr. Cable's literary style have been very thoroughly hidden beneath the conventionalities of the stage. The play evidences again the evils of the modern method of dramatizing popular books and the custom of subordinating every element of a drama toward the glorification of the star. As a piece of dramatic architecture *The Cavalier* is almost without merit. The construction—notwithstanding a number of effective situations—is lamentable. The dramatists have utilized all of the showy devices of the drama that could be made to seem

appropriate to the story, and they have been at great pains to keep the star ever in the center of the stage. The play, contrived in this fashion, might not be else than unifoliate, superficial, and at times even ludicrous. Yet there seems a public that finds pleasure in entertainments of the sort, and it is by no means impossible that *The Cavalier* may win success.

The scenes of the play are laid in Mississippi and Louisiana during the period of the Civil War. The heroine, Charlotte Durand, a beautiful Southern woman, full of sentiment and affection for the South, marries Francis Oliver, a captain in the Confederate army, who has just returned from the North, where he was held as a prisoner of war. The wedding occurs in the first act, after a desultory comedy. No sooner is the ceremony over with than Charlotte discovers that Oliver has gained his freedom from the Yankees by betraying his flag, and that he has for a large pecuniary reward become a Union spy. Her impulse is to denounce him to the Confederate officers, but when she realizes that this would bring death to her new-made husband she decides to hold her peace. Oliver rejoins his old regiment of the Confederate army, and Charlotte determines that she will use her every effort to aid the Southern cause and to thwart the designs of her husband.

In the second act Charlotte appears as an imitation Cigarette. She is not immoral, as is the heroine in *Under Two Flags*, but she has vastly more authority. It appears that she is loved by every discernible officer and soldier in the Southern army and has numerous admirers in the Union lines. Therefore she practically runs the campaign. And it is shown conclusively that she is well qualified for the task. In the first act she is only a carefree, pampered belle of society. In the second act—six months later—she is an expert telegraph operator, she is an authority upon the art of war, she knows the movements of all the troops, Northern as well as Southern, she is more familiar with the topography of the country than any of the men in the Confederate army, she is a skilled nurse, and she is able to take up the work of a chaplain at a moment's notice. She is, indeed, a paragon. The second act takes place in a warehouse, beside a railway track. When stage pictures are needed various trains of cars appear at precisely the right moment. In this act Charlotte works industriously to chemate her husband, and incidentally she repeats the Lord's Prayer and sings "The Star Spangled Banner" for the benefit of a dying Union officer, who is, of course, one of her numerous suitors.

The third act takes place in the hall of the old Southern house in which Charlotte and Oliver were married. The house is in possession of the Yankees, and Oliver is there in the Yankee uniform. Charlotte finds her way there on an errand of mercy and to save a train of wagons containing Confederate treasure that her husband has betrayed into the hands of the Northerners. The husband and wife meet and have a very disagreeable quarter of an hour during which Oliver declares that a wife's first duty is toward her husband, and Charlotte declares, with the authority of a star, that her duty is toward her flag. A dance is given in honor of the invaders. Charlotte sends a message to Captain Fury, of the Confederate army—who, by the way, is her suitor No. 2—that the time is ripe for an attack. During a Virginia reel the gallant Fury, with a detachment of soldiers, arrives upon the scene and puts the Union officers to rout. Oliver manages to make one shot at the leader, but instead of killing him, he seriously wounds Charlotte.

In the final act Charlotte, who is now recovering from her wound, confesses that she loves and has always loved Captain Fury. The news comes that the rascally Oliver is dead, and Charlotte and Fury decide to seek for happiness together.

Miss Marlowe's portrayal of Charlotte was in every particular exceedingly fine. She carried almost the entire burden of the play, being on the stage nearly all the time. A less charming actress would surely have grown tiresome in so long a monologue, but Miss Marlowe, by employing her best skill, managed to retain the interest of the onlookers. She had opportunities to display a wide range of emotion, from the lightest of light comedy to tragic despair, and in every mood she was effective. It was no small achievement to give a semblance of reality to situations that were essentially theatrical and so improbable that they bordered on absurdity. This, however, Miss Marlowe accomplished.

Frank Worthing as Francis Oliver had a task similar to Miss Marlowe's, and he was no less successful in his accomplishment of it. Oliver, as shown in the play, is a wholly impossible character. Mr. Worthing made him seem real. Technically his performance was superb.

The other characters in the play are very conventional and the players had little chance to reveal more than their most ordinary abilities. William Leavers was a manly Captain Fury; Edgar L. Davenport played an admirable death scene in the second act; Clarence Handasyde acted Harper in a robust, genial fashion, and Thomas L. Coleman was a capital General Jewett. Kate Lester was agreeable and natural as Mrs. Gilmer, and Nella Webb played Camille Harper brightly. The other roles were, with but two or three exceptions, well acted.

The stage-management of William Seymour was exceedingly good. He did, apparently, all that could be done to make the play seem real. The scenery, by Gates and Morane, was very pretty and effective, and the costumes were historically accurate.

## Murray Hill—Hamlet.

Creston Clarke, son of John Sleper Clarke and nephew of the late Edwin Booth, was the visiting star last week with the Henry V. Donnelly Stock company at the Murray Hill Theatre. To the credit of Mr. Clarke and Mr. Donnelly it must be said that in none of the announcements was the actor heralded as a relative of the celebrities named. He came with only his own reputation, which is sufficient, behind him, and by his own efforts in the role of Hamlet he won the admiration of a succession of large audiences.

Mr. Clarke's Hamlet is for the most part the traditional Hamlet, but the actor has followed only the best traditions. His impersonation is not wholly imitative. It evidences long and careful study and a certain originality of conception. Mr. Clarke makes the character far more understandable than many players do. He reads his lines distinctly and impressively, seemingly with the desire to make as clear as possible their meaning. Yet his portrayal is not pedantic. He brings to it the outward show of the actor as well as the inward grace of the student. In appearance, bearing and manner he satisfies, and his voice, though not particularly agreeable, is expressive.

The support given to the star by the regular company of the theatre was praiseworthy, indeed, considering the nature of the usual work of the organization. Among the players who deserve especial commendation were Laura Hope Crews, who acted Ophelia with sincerity and sympathy; Robert McWade, Jr., as Polonius; George Henry Tracy as the First Gravedigger; N. Sheldon Lewis as the Ghost, and Rose Stuart as Queen Gertrude. The stage settings and costumes were in good taste.

This week Ralph Stuart appears at the head of the company in *The Streets of New York*.

## American—The Slaves of Russia.

Melodrama of the lurid type prevailed at the American Theatre last week, when *The Slaves of Russia* was presented. Burt Lytell essayed the role of Ivan Khorvick, as Maurice Freeman had a week of rest. Mr. Lytell's portrayal of the wronged prince was excellent. Jessaline Rodgers was again seen to advantage as the Countess de Manicou. Robert Cummings was especially good as Count Karatoff. Thomas Reynolds, as usual, caused much amusement in the role of Mr. Willie Gray. Frank E. Jamison gave a very capable delineation of the old sot, Khorvick. John Hewitt as Prince Baranoff, Paul Scott as Larry O'Rourke, John Raivid as Steinhardt, Helen Campbell as Bitcha and Laura Almonino as Rosalie were well cast. Lillian Baye as Solina and Helen Baumgardt as Princess Lodovika were very good. The

other parts were well handled. The staging and scenery were noteworthy. Large audiences attended. This week *A Remarkable Case*.

## Circle—Jane.

The Herbert Stock company presented the time-honored farcical comedy, *Jane*, last week to good-sized and appreciative audiences. Bijou Fernandez in the title-role was painstaking and vivacious. Charles Hallock as Charley Stackilton fulfilled the requirements of the part admirably. William Tipton as portrayed by Charles H. Waldron highly entertained those present. Albert Taverne's interpretation of Mr. Kershaw was smooth and skillful. Mrs. Thomas Barry added much humor and naturalness to Mrs. Chadwick. Alice Neal in the somewhat inapid character, W. Swain's Claude was rather droll, though considerably overdrawn. Jean Newcombe as Mrs. Paxton and Louis Bishop Hall as Mr. Paxton were equal to the exigencies of their respective parts. The play was carefully mounted and the stage-management competent. This week Young Mrs. Winthrop.

## At Other Playhouses.

This holiday number of *The Mirror* having been sent to press earlier than is usual owing to the additional labor involved by its increased proportions, extended notices of the current week's productions are necessarily deferred until the next issue. The week's announcements at the various theatres are as follows:

PRINCESS.—Aubrey Bouscault's translation of the German comedy, *Heidelberg*, is shown for the first time.

FOURTH STREET.—Joe Welch makes his local debut as a legitimate star in the comedy, *The Peddler*.

NEW YORK.—The new musical comedy, *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*, will have its initial metropolitan performance this (Tuesday) evening.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Amelia Bingham and her strong company are seen in *A Modern Magdalene*. Last week Dan Daly scored well in *The New Clown*, Louis Harrison, Charles Swain, and Merri Osborne ably assisting. Tom Browne made a distinct hit with his whistling and imitations.

CIRCLE.—The Herbert Stock company revive *The Charity Ball*.

AMERICAN.—The Greenwall Stock company present *Circumstantial Evidence*.

WEST END.—*A Wild Rose* is the bill for the week.

NEW STAR.—Al W. Martin's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is the attraction this week.

MANHATTAN.—Mrs. Fiske continues to present *Mary of Magdala* to very large audiences. On Thursday afternoon she will give a special performance for the benefit of the Actors' Church Alliance.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—*The Ninety and Nine* draw the lovers of melodrama.

BELASCO.—Blanche Bates has scored a remarkable hit in *The Darling of the Gods*.

RUSS.—Mabelle Gilman remains in *The Mocking Bird*.

BROADWAY.—*The Silver Slipper* is in its eighth week here.

CASINO.—A Chinese Honeymoon puts in its twenty-ninth week at this theatre.

DALY'S.—*A Country Girl* is in its last fortnight here.

EMPIRE.—William Faversham appears in *Imperial*.

GARDEN.—E. S. Willard continues in *The Cardinal*.

GARRICK.—Mary Manning's engagement in *The Stubbornness of Geraldine* will terminate on Dec. 27.

HARLEM OPERA HOUSE.—*The Two Schools* is the week's programme.

HERALD SQUARE.—Richard Mansfield continues his elaborate revival of *Julius Caesar*.

KNICKERBOCKER.—Nat C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott offer *The Altar of Friendship*.

MADISON SQUARE.—Audrey is still the attraction.

METROPOLIS.—*A Romance of Coon Hollow* is the card.

Mrs. Ossorff's PLATHOUSE.—Fad and Folly remains the attraction.

MURRAY HILL.—The Henry V. Donnelly Stock company revive *The Streets of New York*.

SAVOY.—Ethel Barrymore presents *A Country Mouse and a Country Cat*.

THIRD AVENUE.—The bill of the week is Alaska.

WALLACE.—James K. Bissett stays a fortnight more in *The Crisis*.

VICTORIA.—Viola Allen appears in *The Eternal City*.

## REFLECTIONS



Photo by Baker, Columbus.

Wedgwood Nowell.—This young actor, of whom an excellent likeness appears above, has gained considerable prominence in stock work during the past six years. Mr. Nowell has played more than one hundred important roles ranging from light comedy to leading business and character heavy parts, and has shown remarkable versatility. In Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis and other cities of this country as well as in the maritime provinces of Canada he has received the hearty support of press and public. This season Mr. Nowell is leading juvenile of the Girard Avenue Theatre Stock company, Philadelphia, where he is a pronounced favorite. In addition to stock work in past seasons he has been identified with various New York road productions, embracing musical comedy as well as drama, among which may be mentioned *The Rounders*, *The Sporting Duchess* and F. C. Whitney's original *Quo Vadis*, with which he was associated during its first two seasons. Among the roles in which he has scored are *Hoss Howe* in *Peaceful Valley*, *Armand* in *Madame, Shop in a Night Off*, *Idylls in Virginia*, *Norther in Monte Cristo*, *Captain Hallwell* in *The Little Minister*, *Buckingham* in *Richard III*, *Petronius*, *Nero*, *Aulus Plautius* and *Thessalus* in *Quo Vadis*; *O'Keefe* in *Nancy and Co.*, *Mured* in *Near the Throne*, *Strange in a Gilded Pool*, *Benevolent* in *The Lady of Lyons*, *Duchess* in *Sophie*, *Chevalier de Vandrey* and *Picard* in *The Two Orphans*, *Chateaubriand* and *Rockingham* in *Under Two Flags*, and *Ned* in *The Borgia*. In addition to his other talents, Mr. Nowell is a gifted pianist and a clever composer of light operatic and "popular" music.

Harry Pontelle and Claude Radcliffe are on route with Julie Walters' new *Side-Track*.

Manager Frank R. Foster, of the Madison Opera House, Tuscola, Ill., entertained Madame Elsie de Tourner at dinner at their home yesterday and presented to the actress a beautiful lace collar studded with pearls.

Adèle Ritchie and Amella Stone returned to the Casino last week and were warmly welcomed. Miss Ritchie had been out of the cast for two weeks owing to an attack of pleurisy, and Miss Stone was absent more than a week with tonsillitis.

Franklin Ritchie is winning praise from the press in the South for his portrayal of Aubrey Tanqueray in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, with Miss Coggin.

Helene Desmonde made the trip from Philadelphia to Fall River and with six hours' study and one rehearsal

# THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR



[ESTABLISHED JAN. 4, 1870.]

The Organ of the American Theatrical Profession  
121 WEST FORTY-SECOND STREET  
(BETWEEN BROADWAY AND SEVEN AVENUE)

HARRISON GREY FISKE,  
EDITOR AND sole PROPRIETOR.

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## Largest Dramatic Circulation in the World.

## NEW CIRCLES OF INFLUENCE.

The theatre in these days is developing many new circles of influence. Among the more recent of these THE MIRROR has noted the establishment of playhouses for the representing of ethical drama in the new Settlement enterprise on the East Side of New York and by the Educational Alliance, as well as the innovation of a theatre under the roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, by its rector, the Rev. WALTER H. BENTLEY, intended to represent religious and other drama appropriate to a modern and enlightened church administration. All of these ventures no doubt will make for the rational pleasure and the mental well-being of the widely-differing people that will come under their influence.

One of the most notable of dramatic ventures that has newly come to notice recently, although it has for some time been in operation, is that of a rich manufacturer, MAURICE POTTRECHER, of Bussang, France. As an account of this enterprise says, this manufacturer "believes he has solved the labor question. Strikes and discontent are unknown in Monsieur Pottrecher's large establishment, and all because the enterprising owner runs a theatre as well as a factory."

Three nights and one afternoon every week the employees of this manufacturer either appear as actors or form the audience in the theatre that he has provided for their pleasure. Monsieur Pottrecher, it is said, himself frequently takes the part of leading man in the dramas produced, and he also assists in all the practical workings of the theatre. Every employee at one time or another is permitted to take part in a play, and, with the exception of the "first nights," all performances are free to the employees. The interest taken in the enterprise by this employer is remarkable. It is said that many of the rehearsals are held at his home, and he devotes much time, aside from his business duties, to coaching his workmen in their parts. Once each fortnight the workmen take a half holiday for rehearsals of the new play to be presented, aside from other time given to its preparation. The theatre is open every week of the year, and to vary its interest Monsieur Pottrecher once a month engages a star in the professional world to appear in some play. The repertoire of the theatre includes classic with modern plays, and the institution is

the means of an exemplary feeling of comradeship among all concerned in it.

Quite as interesting as these cases of exceptional purposes of the theatre, assisting as it does to show the universal appeal of the stage, is the fact that there are theatres connected with several private houses in and about New York for the exclusive entertainment of their owners and friends. Some of these, especially those attached to large rural mansions, upon occasion figure in the newspapers, owing to the fact that they are the scenes of elaborate representations, in which well-known members of the dramatic profession assist. The more private of these theatres, however, are for dramatic performances as secluded as are other social functions of the rich, who enjoy them. Perhaps the most elaborate of these theatres within the city limits formerly was a stable, but its transformation in thus described in a New York newspaper:

The interior was torn out and the ceilings and walls were redecorated after the manner of a regular Broadway theatre. A stage large enough for all practical purposes was installed and equipped with a large number of sets of scenery painted by well-known comic artists. An up-to-date switchboard controls the footlights and other electrical contrivances for producing light effects. There are no regulation theatre seats, but instead exquisite chairs of Louis XV pattern, done in white and gold. In the centre of the auditorium is a fountain of white marble, in which the water gently trickles over a mass of lilies. Above is a promenade-balcony. The floor is of mosaic, and light is furnished from a large crystal chandelier suspended from the ceiling. The curtain for the stage is of heavy tapestry, which is drawn aside with cords. When performances are given in this theatre the performers are invariably professionals, and whether the bill consists of a short play, an opera, or a vaudeville bill, two rehearsals are always held. The dressing-rooms connected with the stage are similar to those provided at regular theatres.

Several less elaborate private theatres are in frequent use by members of society, who thus in a measure are independent of regular dramatic enterprises, although in the nature of things most of the performances seen in such theatres must lack finish in the acting and the music as well. All such examples go to show, however, the ever-increasing interest in and the influence of the stage as it relates to contemporary life in all the aspects of that life.

## THE FECHTER MANUSCRIPTS.

Mrs. Kate Hackett, sister of the late Leslie Price, who is now a resident at the Edwin Forrest Home, at Homewood, Philadelphia, has in her possession a number of valuable manuscripts, originally the property of Charles Fechter, that she desires to dispose of. The manuscripts have never before been in the market, and should prove decidedly interesting to collectors of dramatic literature.

The most valuable in the lot is the original manuscript of the Corsican Brothers—Fechter's own copy. It is in fine condition and is bound in red morocco. The other manuscripts are Belzique, as played by Charles Dillon and Charles Fechter; The Huguenots; or, The Feast of St. Bartholomew; Astarte, by William Gill, Jr.; Broken Spells, by Henry F. Farnie; Mansfield, a dramatization of Byron's poem; The Slave's Revenge, by R. Barnett; Trials Before Triumphs; Uncle's Baby, a one-act comedy; Forty vs. Twenty, a one-act comedy; Ormeal, the Prince of Captivity, in seven tableaux, and Moliere, a comic drama in five acts, from the German.

The manuscripts were all owned and used by Fechter, and all are in good condition.

## A DOUBTFUL THANKSGIVING.

Here is an extract from a letter from Blanche Hall, featured by Broadhurst and Currie as Lois in Sweet Clover, among the joys of holiday travel. "I inclose the menu of our Thanksgiving dinner," she writes. "It was most interesting."

BOAT: A B Columbus Station. Delayed train. On the side track. BOAST: The late train. EXTRAS: Into Toledo, 2.30. Into theatre, 1.40. Matinee, 2.35. Hasty Pudding: Make-up, with cold cream. DRESSERS: Not just. Small portion. Chewing gum. FROZEN dressing-room.

"I sent out for a pitcher of hot chocolate during the second act, and got it at night when I came back from supper. It was said that the dinner was an unusually elaborate one; but all who partook were supposed to have eaten themselves sick, the supper was just a nice light one."

## A THEATRICAL PIGION.

A pigeon that at one time enjoyed a considerable theatrical reputation died in Bloomington, Ill., on Dec. 5. The bird once belonged to Cecil Spooner and had been trained to fly to her in the theatre when she sang a particular song. Later the pigeon appeared in various theatres of Europe. The bird was thought to be about twenty-one years old at the time of its death.

## DIE ROTHE AWPEL PRODUCED.

Die Rothe Awpel, by Kraatz and Jaenby (The Hanging Lamp), had its first American production at the Pastel Theatre, Milwaukee, Dec. 6, by the German Stock company under the management of Leo Wachner. Adolf Schumacher and Marianne Gonin essayed the leading roles.

## THEATRE DESTROYED BY FIRE.

The Cheyenne Opera House, at Cheyenne, Wyo., was completely destroyed by fire on the morning of Dec. 8. All attractions booked at the house will probably play at Turner Hall in the future.

## A REQUEST TO THE FUND.

The Actors' Fund received last week the sum of \$2,000 which had been left to the institution by the late Theodore G. Well.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

As to the Consumptive's Home, Castle Square Theatre, Boston, Dec. 6, 1902.

To the Editor of The Dramatic Mirror:

Sir.—Will you allow me a little space to speak about Robert Bell's project—namely, the building of a sanitarium for consumptive professionals? The idea is a good one and if carried out to the best of my knowledge is bound to be successful.

To depend on personal contributions is precarious,

to say the least; but if the building fund is raised by special performances, as suggested, the success of the work is assured. I will content the profession as a whole will do all in its power to assist Mr. Bell in this philanthropic undertaking.

Yours, truly,

LEONORA BRADLEY.

## EXCEPTIONAL AUDIENCES.

The audiences that have witnessed Mrs. Fiske's production of Mary of Magdala at the Manhattan Theatre have been notable not only for their numbers, but also for their standing. Mrs. Fiske, always a favorite with the best class of metropolitan theatregoers, has drawn this season even more than before the culture and wealth of New York. Never, it is generally admitted, has New York seen so brilliant a series of audiences as have attended the performances at the Manhattan. In addition to the many persons of social and literary prominence, there has been an unusual attendance of clergymen, for whom the theme of the play has a special interest. Among those who have been present are Bishop Clarence Stedman, Bishop Wharton, Norman Hapgood, John Kendrick Bangs, Bishop W. H. Morland, of Sacramento; John Lloyd Thomas, president of the Nineteenth Century Club; Justice Charles H. Tracy, former Mayor Robert A. Van Wyck, St. Clair McKelway, Richard Watson Gilder, Jeanette L. Gilder, the Rev. Ernest M. Stiles, of St. Thomas' Church; Rev. Percy Grant, of the Church of the Ascension; Helen Gould, John Jacob Astor, Mrs. W. D. Stevens, August Belmont, Miss Anne Morgan, the Rev. Dr. Henry Labouch, the Rev. John Robert Smith, the Rev. Thomas P. McLoughlin, the Rev. Joseph Gilmore, Mrs. Hillhouse Roosevelt, George W. Cable, the Rev. Minot J. Savage, Felix Adler, former Governor Frank B. Black, and many others. Every audience at the Manhattan, in fact, includes persons eminent in the arts, literature, the church, society and other fields.

## NEW THEATRES AND IMPROVEMENTS.

Helena will have one of the finest playhouses in Montana, it is said; the work of construction to begin in the early Spring. This has been practically decided by A. M. Holter and Herman Kline, two citizens of Helena who will build the theatre to lease and management by Horace and Marks. The new building will cost \$50,000 and will be modern and up-to-date in all respects. Plans have already been drawn and submitted to a prominent theatrical architect in New York, who approved of them.

The New Gottschalk Theatre at Aberdeen, S. D., was opened to a very large house on Nov. 24 by the James Nelli company.

It is said that the town of Hattiesburg, Miss., will have a modern theatre built in the near future. Hattiesburg is now closely connected with Mobile by the Mobile, Jackson and Kansas City Railroad.

The Rapides Club, of Alexandria, La., has made a proposition to the city to grant them the privilege to build an opera house on the City Square. Should the city grant them the request they will erect an opera house costing \$40,000.

It is reported that Louis Hanner, of Toledo, Ohio, has purchased an acre of ground in the rear of the Farm Theatre, on which he intends to build an addition to the playhouse.

It is rumored about town that the Sire Brothers have come into possession of a new theatre site at the northeast corner of Broadway and Forty-fifth Street, where they will build a theatre of large proportions.

The new Theatre Republic at San Francisco was opened on Nov. 29 with The Sporting Duchess as the attraction.

It is reported that McVicker's Theatre company, of Chicago, are desirous of erecting a new twelve-story building on the present site of their theatre. The only obstruction is the fact that the City School Board owns the land upon which the present structure stands and will not waive a portion of the agreement to the present lease of the McVicker Company to the property that does not expire until 1905. This clause states that a reversion of the property shall be taken in 1905. A meeting between representatives of the company and the School Board was held recently, when the matter was discussed. No definite action has as yet been taken. Should the company carry out their plan, it is said, that they will erect an office building to contain a new theatre that would cost in the neighborhood of \$300,000.

## MUSIC NOTES.

John Philip Sousa and his band will sail Dec. 24 for a European tour of twenty weeks.

Kodak, the Bohemian violinist, will appear at the Metropolitan Opera House Sunday evening, Dec. 21.

The first of the People's Symphony Concerts occurs Cooper Union Hall Tuesday evening.

The second Bagby musical was given at the Waldorf-Astoria Monday morning.

Madame Roger-Miclo, the French pianist, has lately played at the Colonne concerts, her last public appearance in Paris preparatory to her departure for this country. She is to be heard first with the Damrosch Orchestra in New York, then at several recitals. Then she will begin her tour of the principal cities, extending to the Coast.

## AMATEUR NOTES.

The young men of the Cathedral Gymnasium of Mobile, Ala., presented The Hidden Gem Nov. 27 at Mobile Theatre to their many friends.

St. Peter's Catholic Club, of Haverstraw, N. Y., gave an entertainment Nov. 26, under the direction of the Rev. Father Murray.

An amateur theatrical performance was given by Mrs. H. L. Roosevelt at her residence at 301 Lexington Avenue, New York, on Dec. 4. The entertainment consisted of a one-act sketch, entitled Why Men Smoke, some recitations, monologues and musical selections.

## QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Let me reply by mail. Do attention paid to anonymous questions or trivial queries. No private address or name required. Questions regarding the whereabouts of players will not be answered. Letters to members of the profession addressed in care of THE MIRROR will be forwarded if possible.

K. D., Philadelphia.—Enquiry of the Actors' Society of America, 114 West Fortieth Street, New York city.

J. J. McD., New Martinsville, La.: The more important books of the late Alfred Ayres are "The Orthopist," "The Verilist," "The Mentor," "Acting and Acting," "Some Ill-Used Words," and "The English Grammar" of William Corbett, revised and annotated. These books are published by D. Appleton and Company, No. 72 Fifth Avenue, New York.

E. R., New York: The roster of the Arizona company this season is as follows: Kirk La Shelle, proprietor; James H. Poiser, manager; Frank Buckley, advance agent; B. D. Dean, stage-manager; J. D. Ferri, property man; John W. Cope, John Burke, Leslie Matthews, Frank Cane, Ben D. Dean, Dunstan Farnon, Charles H. Graham, C. H. White, H. Bradley Baker, Agnes Muir, Edith Lemmon, Mary Churchill, Eleanor Wilton, and Alma Bradley.

E. K. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.: Humanity was originally produced at the Bowdoin Square Theatre, Boston, Dec. 24, 1894. It was presented in New York at the Fourteenth Street Theatre Feb. 4, 1895, with the following cast: Lieutenant Cranbourne, Joseph E. Grinnell; Sir Felix Cranbourne, Scott Cooper; Lady Cranbourne, Mary Davis; Mrs. Cranbourne, Belle Bucklin; Major Dangefield, Fraser Coulter; Lieutenant Pembroke, Charles J. Jackson; Mathew Farn, Theodore Hamilton; Knish Farn, Eddie Vining; Leslie Farn, Agnes Rose, Leon, Menevere, Mire, Dore Davidson; Lucy Marks, Eddie Price; Jerry Grattan, James H. Sullivan; Isaac Burke, Arthur Hobart; Corporal Lachland, Samson Gray; Alice Dunbar, Phoebe Davis.

## PERSONAL.



BONELLI.—William Bonelli is starring this season with Rose Stahl in Janice Meredith and has been meeting with success throughout the States. An American Gentleman, of which Mr. Bonelli is proprietor, is now in its twentieth week and also prospering. It is reported that he will make two new productions before the close of the season.

MCANN.—John Ernest McCann has sold to George Samuels a new four-act melodrama, Fortune's Wheel, for early production.

BLANC.—Julia Blanc, after closing a successful vaudeville engagement, has been reengaged by Weis and Greenwall for the American Theatre Stock Co., to open Dec. 22.

RAFTER.—Adèle Rafter, a graduate of the American School of Opera, has been engaged for the forthcoming production of Blue Beard at the Knickerbocker Theatre on Jan. 11.

ROBERTS.—H. R. Roberts, the young Australian star, now under contract with David Belasco and appearing with Mrs. Carter in Du Barry, will resume his starring tour at the close of his present engagement. Mr. Roberts' success as David Garrick on the Coast was most notable.

CHIPPENDALE.—Frederick Chippendale, now a guest at the Edwin Forrest Home, whose recent illness caused great concern among his many friends, is reported to be well on the road to recovery.

VINCENT.—John Vincent, the noted old actor and stage-manager, and Mrs. Vincent are soon to be admitted as permanent guests at the Actors' Fund Home on Staten Island.

BJØRNSEN.—Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, the Norwegian dramatist, celebrated his seventieth birthday at Christiania on Dec. 8. The city was decorated with flags, and a congratulatory address signed by thirty thousand citizens of Norway was presented to him. In the evening a torchlight procession was given in the dramatist's honor, and he attended a gaily performed at the National Theatre.

## PLAYS COPYRIGHTED.

Entered at the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., from Nov. 21 to Dec. 11, 1902.

THE MARQUIS OF POMERANIA. By C. L. Maran.

THE MOTOR GIRL. Book and music by Arthur Weid. Lyrics by R. B. Smith. Copyright by Louis Baudot.

THE OLD MILL STREAM. By John Fitzgerald Murphy.

## THE USHER



The year now closing has been notable in the theatrical world of America in more than one respect, and Christmas will be celebrated with unusual satisfaction by many actors and managers. The star of hope burns brightly in the dramatic heavens.

To begin with, the general prosperity of the country has continued without interruption, and the stage has enjoyed its share of recompence. There seems to be nothing in sight that threatens this happy condition of things.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Theatrical Trust has raised off the tax it imposes upon many theatres and attractions for permitting them to do business, theatrical patronage has been so generous that even these victims have enjoyed a measure of the universal prosperity. They are to be congratulated especially on the good times that give them a margin for profit despite the distressing bondage into which they blindly and foolishly ventured.

•

A development of more interest and significance is the triumph of several individual and independent actors and managers in the line of artistic and important productions.

Indeed, the producers of the Trust this season find themselves overshadowed and supplaned by these courageous factors that in the face of the disadvantages and hindrances created for them by the Ring have contributed to the dramatic year its only distinctive feature.

This is an aspect of the present situation that is full of strength and promise. Clearly revealed, against a background of sordid commercialism and crass artistic ignorance, we have here an example of what the stage would be in this country were it freed from the incubus that for half a dozen years has retarded its progress.

•

Third, but by no means last, among the reasons for good cheer among player-folk this Christmas is the unification of the independent interests of our stage and their determination to restore healthy conditions in the business of the theatre.

This movement is constantly gathering strength, and there is no doubt that it will gather an irresistible force.

When it does the intolerable conditions created and maintained by the Trust will be swept away, and actors and managers once again will live and breathe and pursue their activities without having to secure permission by purchase or otherwise. Emancipation is not far off, unless all signs fail.

•

THE MIRROR, too, furnishes its quota to the happiness of the holiday season in the form of this Christmas number, which is crowded with interesting features, pictorial, literary and of other kinds. It combines with the regular issue a variety of special matter, and it furnishes this double number without an increase in price. How well the profession understands and appreciates the unequalled advertising value of THE MIRROR is found by reference to the advertising pages.

## AL. H. WILSON.

Al. H. Wilson is starring this season in a new comedy, *The Prince of Tatters*, in which he has recorded at every stand an unequivocal success. Mr. Wilson, whether considered as a sweet singer or a clever actor, is immensely popular and his following is large in all the principal cities. His new starring medium affords ample opportunity for the display of his dramatic talent as well as his admirable voice, and its reception has been uniformly cordial. Mr. Wilson now takes rank as one of the most popular and profitable stars in the country, and any new effort of his will be awaited with unusual interest.

## FINE PLAYS FOR STOCK.

Alice Kaiser, the dramatist's agent, on another page announces a fine list of recent successful plays for stock use and to be let for specified territory. They include *Hearts Adame*, *More Than Queen*, *Mrs. Dane's Defense*, *A Royal Family*, *Treasure of the Wells*, *The Way of the World*, *Darcy of the Guards*, *Horatius*, *Nathan Hale*, and *Her Lord and Master*. Full scenic equipment is procurable with these, and Miss Kaiser also has a number of plays that have scored emphatically this season. Her offices are at 1432 Broadway.

## THE ELKS.

Memorial Day was observed by the Carlisle, Pa., Lodge of Elks, No. 575, on Sunday, Dec. 7, in the Opera House. The Lodge was assisted by the German Orchestra of Reading, Pa., and by Mason Speck and Brindie and Hugh E. Miller, prominent musicians throughout the Cumberland Valley. A large attendance was present.

The Penn, N. D. Lodge, No. 280, will hold Memorial services in theatre building 7, Hon. Childs, of Minnesota, addressing.

The Montgomery, Ala., Elks held a memorial service Dec. 7 at Montgomery Theatre that was largely attended.

A memorial service was held by the Racine, Wis., Lodge, Nov. 25, before a large audience. An eloquent address was delivered by Rev. H. P. Belyea. Several of the musical numbers were also rendered.

Young Tots Smile, not a dull minute. •

## HART CONWAY'S PUPILS IN EVERYMAN.

The students of the Hart Conway School of Acting in Chicago appeared at the Studsister, in that city, on the afternoon of Dec. 4 in the morality play, *Everyman*, and a new one-act play by L. Du Pont Syle, entitled *In Southern El Dorado*. Mr. Conway's presentation of *Everyman* was the first that had been given in Chicago and it attracted wide attention among the literary folk and serious theatregoers of the city. The dramatic critics were all greatly impressed by the performance and were enthusiastic in their praises of it.

Mr. Conway made in the production several departures from the traditions unearthed by the Elizabethan Stage Society and which are followed by Ben Greet's English company that recently appeared in New York. *Adonai* (the Deity) was not made visible. The theatre was darkened when he spoke. Death was arrayed in long robes instead of being attired in grotesque fashion. And the names of the players appeared on the programmes—which has not been the case in any of the earlier presentations. The cast was as follows:

Messenger	Josephine Ross
Adonai	John A. Milson
Death	Peter Thomas
Everyman	Rudolph Magnus
Fellowship	John A. Milson
Kindred	Harry L. Wright
Cousin	Grace B. Willis
Good-deeds	Pauline F. Goss
Knowledge	Elmire Haynes
Confession	Anna Hardling
Beauty	Franklin P. Benson
Strength	Harriet Worthington
Discretion	Ralph Bennett
Five-wits	Clara W. Brown
Anger	Allen Talman
	Florence Powers

The students approached their difficult task with earnestness and reverence, and their work created the same feeling of awe that was experienced by those who saw the English company. Rudolph Magnus won very high praise for his performance of the principal role, and the other parts were without exception in capable hands. Dr. Louis Falk was at the organ, and an Ave Maria was sung by a quartette composed of Ursula Beatrice Bottger, Victoria Harrel, Luis F. Slocum, and Anna Ingold.

The curtain-raiser, *In Southern El Dorado*, proved to be a bright and entertaining bit of a play, and it was well acted by the following cast:

John Thorold	Peter Thomas
Lucy	Pauline Brooks
Virginia Carrollton	Jean Murray
George Ashby	Rudolph Magnus
Tom Roper	Ralph Bennett

Mr. Conway, whose achievements as an actor during his long stage career are well remembered, has been very successful indeed with his school, and the public performances by his pupils have come to be extremely popular with Chicago playgoers.

## CUES.

Sullivan, Harris and Woods are preparing to send out a company in *For Her Children's Sake* through England and Australia next year.

Clay T. Vance's forthcoming production of *The Little Church Around the Corner* is said to be a melodrama of heart interest without too much of the sensational. The cast will include Clarence Heritage, George Baker, George W. Mitchell, Louis Haines, Thomas Meagan, Lillian Dix, Katherine Kinsella, Avon Breyer, Edith Fabbiani, and Marion Russell, the authoress of the drama.

Clara Bogen, who was playing *Jirgi* with Mrs. Brune in Wallace Munro's production of *Urnora*, has been transferred by Mr. Munro to his Rupert of Hentzau company, pending Mrs. Brune's recovery.

Gormand and Ford on Dec. 1 ended the third successful year of the Gormand and Ford Repertoire company, under the management of Harry Gormand and Bart Ford, having played continuously Summer and Winter, losing but four performances in the entire period. Although perhaps the two youngest actor-managers in repertoire, they have established a record that can hardly be equaled by any of the "old-timers."

Edward McWade's war drama, *Winchester*, will be presented in London, in April, with Margaret May as the star.

Will S. Rising has signed to open in *Bobadil*, Luscombe Searell's new opera. Mr. Rising appeared in London in Searell's *Estrella* and also in New York at the old Standard Theatre at the time it was burned, during the first week of the opera.

Manager John Grahame is rehearsing his new Southern Specialty company in Boston, and will open his season in Providence week of Dec. 22.

Allen and Bright are in their twelfth week with the Myrtle-Harder Stock company (Eastern) as a feature, introducing their specialty between acts.

In Williamsport, Pa., Andrew Lynam suddenly retired from the dialect part in *Man to Man*. Charles J. Farrell offered to play *Giovanni* and went on with less than an hour's study, scoring a success.

Butterfield and Bromilow came very near losing their trick bear, "Frank," on Dec. 1 at Clearfield, Pa. The bear was being paraded by his trainer when a hunter who had inhabited rather freely happened to see him and blasted away at him. Luckily the shot went wild.

William D. Emerson has replaced Thomas J. Grady as stage-manager and to play *Awful Rick* with Murray and Mack's *A Night on Broadway*. W. A. Harrold is now in advance of the company, replacing W. G. Shand.

Georgia Munson has retired from *The Night Before Christmas* and has joined *Under Southern Skies*.

R. H. Mills, after a short rest since the closing of the *Forepaugh and Sells Brothers' Shows*, has joined the Gormand and Ford company for the rest of the season.

The Spring and Summer tour of Harry Lawrence, under the management of Harry Markham, will commence April 13, 1903.

Marion Russell's new play, *The Little Church Around the Corner*, opened its regular season at Elizabeth, N. J., Dec. 15. It was a gala occasion, Elizabeth being the home town of the young authoress.

Johnstone Bennett, who has been out of the cast of *The Silver Slipper* for the past few days, has been replaced by Josie Sadler, who, it is said, may play the part of the slavey permanently should Miss Bennett remain out of the company.

T. C. McDonough, who has been playing the part of Hiram Garvey with Holden Brothers' Denver Express company for the past two seasons, closed Dec. 2, and opened Dec. 6 with The Convict's Daughter company at Sedalia, Mo.

The annual French Ball, conducted by the Cercle Francais de l'Harmonie, will be given at Madison Square Garden on the night of Jan. 12.

Mrs. Langtry, who it is said will come to this country next January, has again been honored by King Edward. She is touring England in her new play, *Crossways*, and the King commanded her to appear at the Imperial Theatre, London, on Dec. 8, in the drama, when he was present with the Queen.

Why Women Sin will open at Young's Pier, Atlantic City, on New Year's Day. Rehearsals started at Lyric Hall, this city, last week.

Charles Peyton's next story, "How Spot Became An Actor," will appear shortly in the *Sunset Magazine*. Mr. Peyton is working on another tale, to appear next March, entitled "Wanted, a Bookbinder."

Students of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts will present five one-act plays, written by John Oliver Hobbes, Arthur Hornblow, Edith Wharton, Florence Wilkinson, and Louise Meigs Green, at the Empire Theatre on the afternoon of Dec. 18.

Hal Brown made a distinct hit in the central figure.—*The Brooklyn Times*. •

## THE MATINEE GIRL



order to save their own souls is the highest form of selfishness!

The actor has to cultivate his brain and his body under difficulties. He frequently has to rehearse all day and travel all night, with a performance in the evening, and subsists in a sketchy way on buffet eats and railway lunch counters.

One can always pick out the actor who has begun to be particular about his dinner. He is never gay over the ears, but he suggests domesticity, a fireside attachment and slippers and a smoking coat in the evening.

Domesticity is considered, and the Matinee Girl is beginning to think it a blight if one is an actor. If Art has a goddess she is only at home after midnight at the Lamb.

For the actor may be careless as to breakfasts and dinners, but is strong in the matter of supper. While others are wrapped in slumber and complexion cream he regains vitality from grilled bones and rarebits.

The satirist of the Detroit hotel steward who gets out his excellent dinner menu cards with the heads of actors peering out cutely amid the dishes is apparent.

An actor sees his face the world over on fences, programmes and in newspapers, but he has to visit Detroit to find it gazing soulfully back at him over a roast chicken with giblet dressing.

On some of these bills of fare, which I receive in bunches with keen joy every now and then, I have grown accustomed to Mansfield's keen, intelligent gaze gleaming over Boston clam chowder.

Faversham peers moodily over Georgia cornpone and buttermilk, while James K. Hatchett's profile shows up in connection with imperial pudding and brandy sauce, or cherry pie—the or in italics. Sothern as Hamlet stands guard beside boiled pickerel with parsley sauce, while Nat Goodwin as Shylock is among the less, and Henry E. Dixey is up against sliced tomatoes or mixed pickles—the or again in italics.

The Matinee Girl, knowing the Christmas joy and good fellowship that will exude through the pages of the *CHRISTMAS MIRROR* this week, sends from her corner a greeting to you all and congratulations upon the genuine advance and progress of the year.

There is no need to preach the doctrine of love and good will toward men to the theatrical profession.

Those emotions, which others of us have to stir up annually, are always bubbling in the heart of the actor. The stage seems to hold such a monopoly of these traits that there is not enough left to go around among church members all the year through.

Witness the generous response that followed the announcement of a benefit for Georgia Cayvan! And this actress has been so long away from the stage that in any other world but the world of the stage she would be nearly forgotten.

But the charm of her womanly, gracious personality is still felt and remembered and women who have lent a dignity and fitness to their profession that would be sufficient in itself, even if they possessed no talent—just as talent is accepted as all-sufficient by some accompanied by no other quality than itself.

But the children of the stage have matured wonderfully even within the last decade. They have become more serious, more averse to sensational advertising, and the lives of the most successful actors and actresses are lived as quietly and as far removed from publicity and display as possible.

So there is much to joy in this Christmas-time among the stage people and those who are interested in their work and their achievements.

A few years ago and it seemed as though the theatre was becoming entirely a money-making enterprise, with no high ideal or purpose in art.

Since then the elements that threatened it have decayed and fallen away like the fungus that sometimes fastens upon a sturdy, beautiful tree. Art for the pocket's sake is a failure, and even in the cheapest form of entertainment nowadays there is a demand for a certain intelligence, an absence of vulgarity, and scenic excellence of a higher order than the stage has ever known.

So dinnerless or not, the actor keeps Christmas Day this year happily secure, with great anticipations of what will be done within the near future, what even the coming year may bring to those who have waited faithfully, believing in the omnipotence of earnest purpose and indefatigable industry in the vanquishing of evil and the upholding of good in every thing.

## MISS SPENCER AS UNORNA.

Mrs. Brune, who has been starring in *Urnora* under Wallace Munro's management, was unable on account of her illness with typhoid fever to appear in the performances at Memphis on Thanksgiving Day. Isabel Pengra Spencer was selected to take her place, and she appeared in the two performances, before very large audiences, after but one rehearsal in the exacting role. The local dramatic reviewers spoke highly of her impersonation and she was called before the curtain after almost every act.

## STUDENTS IN LONELY LIVES.

The advanced students of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts presented for the first time in this country *Gerhart Hauptmann's drama, Lonely Lives*, at the Empire Theatre last Thursday afternoon. The audience, which completely filled the theatre, received the play with great appreciation. Owing to lack of space in this issue will be deferred until next week.

## ENGAGEMENTS.

Alma Mae Fallon, Irene Jermon, and Lucia Fairchild, with Gordon and Bennett's *A Royal Slave* company.

Through the Actors' Society: Fred Gilbert, with Harrington Reynolds; Hermoine De Vere, for Guy Lord Quex; Mark Ellsworth, for Henrietta Crosman company; Clarence T. Arper, for Barker's company; Elsie Gifford, for the Kentucky Foun company; Alice Gifford, for *Alley of Old Vines*; Lillian Dix, for *The Little Church Around the Corner*; Frank Opperman, for *The Game of Life*; Louis Haines, for *The Little Church Around the Corner*; K. J. Radcliffe, for Nance O'Neill, San Francisco; Seth Smith, for Audrey; George E. Murphy, for *Only a Shop Girl* company; W. A. Evans, for *Caste*; Clayton Legge, for *Scarlet Letter* company; Henrietta Browne, for *Girard Avenue Stock* company; Philadelphian; George Meach, for *The White Slave* company.

Eric Browne, to succeed Scott Craven in *Mary of Magdala*.



VAUDEVILLE.

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OF GREY  
MATTER IN  
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THE PALACE  
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'PADDYWHISKY'

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P. S.—We are the writers of "Good Morning, Carrie" and many other popular Coon songs.

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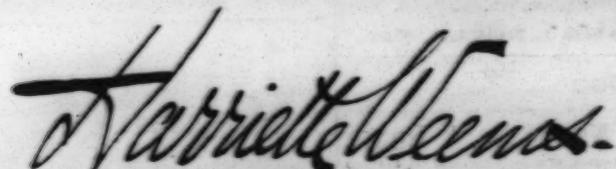
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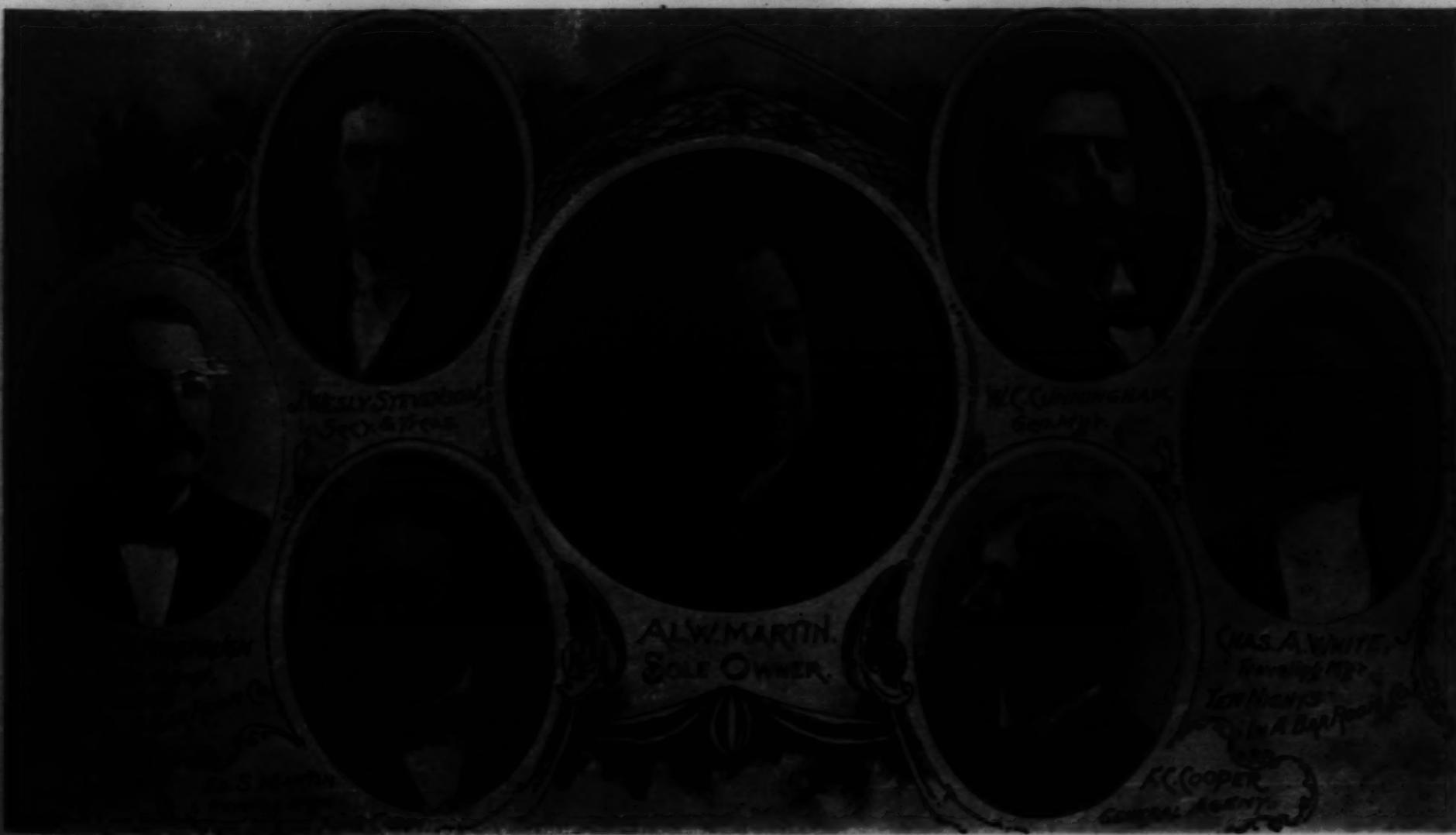
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